GEM

49361
JANUARY 1977
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PRESENTING NEWCOMERS LINDA AND BUF MARY PLUS SUPER-TITILLATING CYLDA JEANNE . . . EAVESDROPPING ON COITAL QUOTES FROM AROUND THE WORLD: "SEX INTERNATIONAL" . . . FOR FUN AND BROADS ABROAD, TRY THE SWISS GOLD PANTIES BRIGADE . . . PONDERING THE BARE FACTS IF THE USA GOES NUDIST . . . A BERT L. SANDWICH SPOOF, "HANK FERRIWELL'S SPEEDY BALLS" . . . GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

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How to Get Rich in Uncle Sam's Legal Lottery

DEAR Fellow Citizen

Did you know that you and every other American can play the most exciting, rewarding lottery ever—a monthly lottery of valuable oil and gas rights on Federally-owned land?

Did you know that you have the same chances as the big oil companies to cash in on this lottery—because any company individual can only put one entry into each drawing?

Did you know that many people have gotten rich playing this oil lottery? And that it's 100% on the up and up, because it's run by the U. S. Government itself?

If you're like most Americans, the odds are you didn't know.

You see, usually you have to be present at a U. S. Bureau of Land Management Office at 10 A. M. on the third Monday of each month, when they post the list of oil and gas land parcels available. Either that, or you have to work through a so-called "filing company" that demands a minimum investment of up to $3,000!

But now that's changed. Because now, Oil Information, Inc., can tell you which land parcels are available in time to make the drawing, help you decide which to bid on, and supply with official Government entry cards and "how-to" information on playing.

As you can imagine, Uncle Sam doesn't like to make wild "ad claims." But even the Chief of the super-conservative U. S. Bureau of Land Management has written that **"You might even get rich from a Federal oil and gas lease."**

OVER $300 WORTH OF "STAKE YOUR CLAIM" HELP FOR ONLY $5.

When you subscribe to Oil Information, you get a package of information and services that's just not available anyplace else, at any price.

You get instant monthly notice of oil and gas land parcels up for grabs throughout the U. S., taken from all 12 Bureau of Land Management Offices.

You get monthly notice of all oil and gas lease winners.

You get a supply of official Bureau of Land Management "Simultaneous Oil and Gas Drawing Entry Cards," plus instructions on how to file.

You get news of recent oil finds taken from **Oil and Gas Daily, Oil and Gas Journal, The Western Oil Reporter**, and other oil industry publications. (In the week of March 10, 1975 just in Texas, oil was struck on public land in the Permian Basin area, in Pecos County and in Terrell County!)

You get maps of oil resources and current drilling based on the work of The United States Geological Survey and oil industry geologists.

You get lists of brokers who can help you sell your lease to an oil company, and much more.

All in all, you get a package worth well over $300—**Oil and Gas Daily** alone would run you $110 a year. But all Oil Information asks is $5 for a 3-month subscription, $10 for 6 months, or $15 for a full year!

AMAZING CASE HISTORIES PROVE "THE LITTLE GUY" CAN STILL STRIKE IT RICH

With this help, it's never been easier to play Uncle Sam's legal oil lottery. You don't need special knowledge or training. Even a child could do it.

And while there's no guarantee you'll win, winners regularly turn their oil and gas leases into staggering profits—by selling them to oil companies for a flat fee plus a percentage royalty or "override" on oil production that can keep gushing on for years to come. (Of course, you can drill your own wells, if you want to.)

In recent months, a winner in Campbell County, Wyoming, got $18,000 plus 5%, after a $10 initial investment.

A winner in Jefferson Parish, Louisiana, got $9,600 plus 5%, after a $10 initial investment.

A winner in Chavez County, New Mexico, got $11,600 plus 4%, after a $10 initial investment.

A winner in Eddy County, New Mexico, got $132,000 plus 5%, after a $10 initial investment.

And a winner in Campbell County, Wyoming, is getting $1,000,000 in estimated revenues—after a $10 initial investment!

YOU ENJOY THE SAME TAX BREAKS AS THE BIG OIL COMPANIES

Whether you win a valuable oil and gas lease or not, you enjoy money-saving tax breaks that make playing hard to resist.

First off, your subscription to Oil Information is tax-deductible as a legitimate business expense, under Revenue Ruling 71-191.

Next, the $10 entry fee that must accompany each entry card you send to the lottery is also deductible, under Revenue Ruling 56-252.

If you win, the token 50 cents an acre rent you pay Uncle Sam is also deductible. And when you sell your lease to an oil company, it really gets interesting! Because any income you get from an "override" is 22% tax-free under the oil-depletion allowance. And even if you sell outright, you're taxed at the favorable capital gains rate.

Frankly, we can't think of a better way for you to turn dollars you'd otherwise pay in taxes into assets!

"WHAT EXACTLY ARE MY ODDS OF WINNING A VALUABLE GOVERNMENT OIL AND GAS LEASE?"

Uncle Sam's legal oil lottery may sound like a state lottery, but it really isn't. In a state lottery, your odds are literally a million to one. In the December 1974 oil drawings, on the other hand, the overall odds in Colorado, Montana, Utah, and Wyoming combined were one winner for every 266 entries. Of course, the odds go up the more entries there are. But it's true that many promising individual parcels of land have fewer than 500 applicants filing. So if you like lotteries, this is the one to play!

ACT NOW! THERE'S NEVER BEEN A BETTER TIME TO PLAY

It's no secret that we're in the middle of an oil crisis. Prices of imported oil have quadrupled in the past year. "Oil independence" has been declared a national goal—but where will that oil come from?

According to the **Oil and Gas Journal**, "the best prospects for building a strong base of secure energy for the U. S. lie on public lands." According to the Chase Manhattan Bank's authoritative "Outlook for Energy in the U. S. in 1985," oil companies may spend TWENTY BILLION DOLLARS to develop public oil-lease lands over the next 10 years.

The result is, the great public oil-lease land rush is on. But remember: YOU as an American citizen have as good a chance of winning a valuable oil lease as Shell or Exxon or Mobil. And a good deal of that $20 billion is going to wind up in the pockets of lucky "little guys" like you.

So don't delay. Don't put if off. Check the subscription plan you want on the coupon and we'll rush you:

Your first monthly notice of oil-lease lands available, to be followed by the list of winners.

Your supply of official Government entry cards, plus instructions.

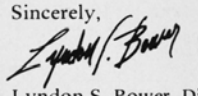
Your newsletter describing recent oil finds.

Your maps of current drilling activity.

Your lists of lease brokers, and more.

We urge you to take up this offer today, before it slips your mind. Playing Uncle Sam's legal oil lottery is a heck of a lot of fun, it's tax-deductible, and—as Uncle Sam himself has said—**it can make you rich!**

Sincerely,



Lyndon S. Bower, Director
Oil Information, Inc.

P. S.
If your order is received in the next five days, we'll include FREE the valuable "Handbook on Federal Oil and Gas Lotteries," containing information regularly worth $10. Sorry, but due to limited supply we can only make this offer on a first-come, first-served basis.

Mail This No-Risk Coupon to Play Uncle Sam's Legal Oil Lottery!

Mail to: G1

Oil Information, Inc.
380 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10019

Dear Mr. Bower:
Yes, I'm interested in playing Uncle Sam's legal oil lottery. Please enroll me as a subscriber to Oil Information, Inc., and rush me the materials described above. I want a

☐ 3-month ☐ 6-month ☐ 1-year

subscription, for which I enclose

☐ $5 ☐ $10 ☐ $15

Print
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

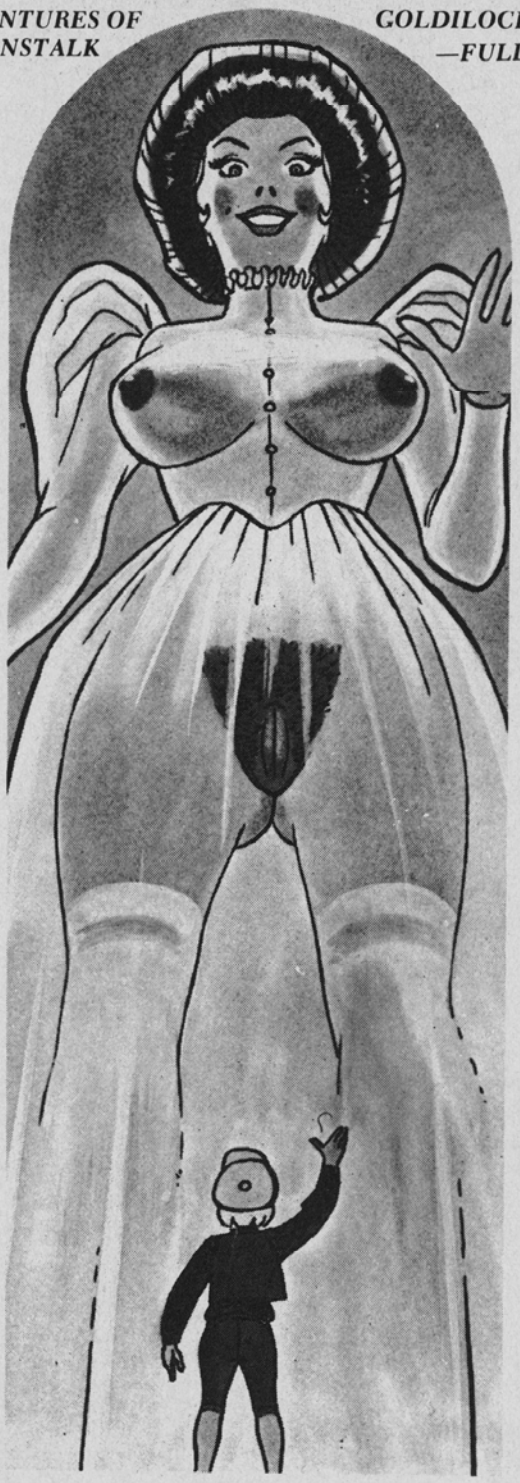
Make checks to Oil Information, Inc.

FREE ACT NOW BONUS
Thousands have paid $10 for this information but it's yours FREE if your order is received in 5 days.

FAIRY TALES
YOUR MOTHER NEVER TOLD YOU!

THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

GOLDILOCKS, CINDERELLA AND —FULLY ILLUSTRATED!



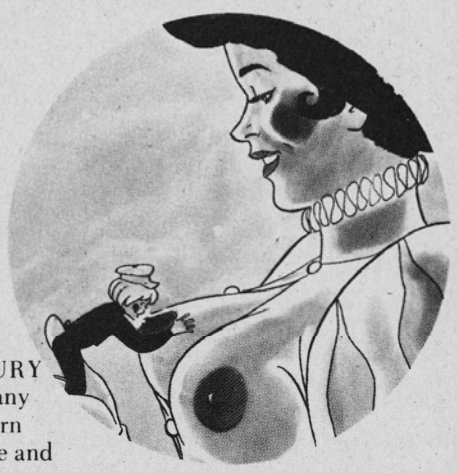
If you're nostalgic for the innocent days of childhood, if you yearn for those happy hours spent listening to fairy tales in the nursery—THEN THIS BOOK IS NOT FOR YOU! A NAUGHTY TREASURY OF CLASSIC FAIRY TALES contains absolutely nothing you ever heard at your mother's knee—unless your mother was Xaviera Hollander.

Watching Cinderella win Prince Charming away from her ugly sisters illustrates that the most important fit for a good love life is **NOT** *in glass slippers. The notorious illustrator, Rod Q. M'Gurk brings the nubile, blond Goldilocks to life as you could not imagine her in your wettest dreams, proving that a girl who can swallow that Three Bears story can swallow literally anything!*

NOTHING *is left to the imagination as little Jack, hung like Secretariat,* **EARNS** *a handful of magic beans from a voluptuous gypsy woman, then climbs the beanstalk to find a giant's wife who has some original uses for a tiny young man when she is feeling lonely. And the giant's return involves Jack in sexual predicaments surpassing even your wildest sexual fantasies.*

The heroines are soft, moist and highly desirable; the heroes are strong and willing; the giants are . . . well, **GIGANTIC** *. . . and the result is either the funniest dirty book or the dirtiest funny book you've ever read!*

CLASSIC FAIRY TALES is sure to become an instant erotic classic, and it can be yours for just $9.95 plus 50¢ postage and handling. And if the book, for any reason, doesn't **EXCEED** *your expectations, simply return it within ten days for your money back IN FULL.*



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Please rush me _____ copies of A NAUGHTY TREASURY OF CLASSIC FAIRY TALES. I understand that if for any reason I don't find it everything you claim, I may return it for a FULL REFUND. I enclose $9.95 plus 50¢ postage and handling for each copy.

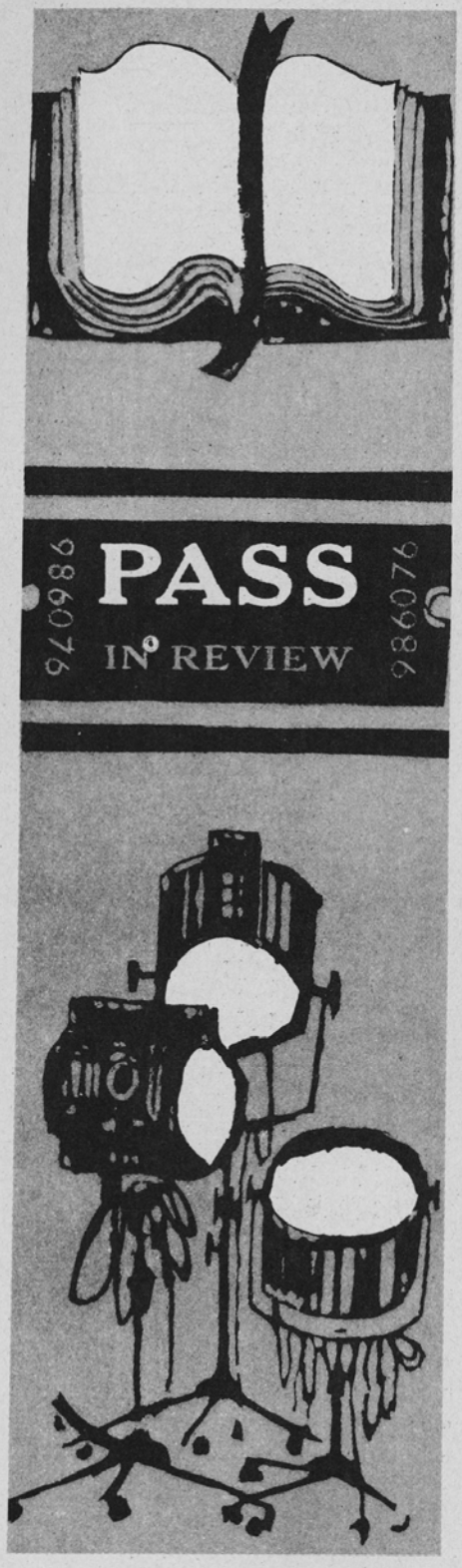
SORRY, NO C.O.D.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Signature (I am over 21 years of age)



BOOKS

Women See Woman (Crowell) is an outstanding collection including work by over eighty female photographers. The photographs comment on woman in a variety of social and sexual contexts. One need not be lib-oriented to appreciate the photos here, which are superb simply from the standpoint of aesthetics. Especially commendable is work by Susan Tinkleman, Debora Hunter, and Wendy Snyder McNeil.

Leonard Feather's *The Pleasures of Jazz* (Horizon) takes a look at a number of traditional as well as contemporary jazzmen. The casual listener and jazz buff alike will appreciate Feather's no-nonsense interviews with Chick Corea, Joe Venuti, Mercer Ellington, Anita O'Day, and many others. In addition to providing historical information, Feather offers compact but revealing glimpses of the artists as personalities.

Guitarists will want *Chet Atkins "Off The Record"* (Mel Bay Publications). Sixteen pieces, accurately transcribed from Chet's recordings, are included, along with tips on technique and fingering. Aspiring finger-style guitarists will be spared painful hours of listening to their favorite Atkins records to get that lick just right. Tunes appear in both standard notation and tablature. Included are "Walk, Don't Run," "Me and Merle," and "The Old Fols of Okracoke."

RECORDS

Buck Owens and Susan Raye come up with a strong country set on *The Good Old Days (Are Here Again)* (Capitol). "Arms Full of Empty" and "Sweethearts in Heaven" are among our favorites. Strong back-up work by the Buckaroos is the topping on the cake.

British bluesman Alexis Korner and his band Snape are heard in a cooking session on *Accidentally Borne in New Orleans* (Warner Bros.). Snape, consisting of Peter Thourpe on guitar, Ian Wallace on Drums, Boz on bass guitar and Mel Collins on saxes, flute and piano, turn out some heavy blues sounds behind Korner on such numbers as "Gospel Ship" and "One Scotch, One Bourbon, One Beer."

Former Beatle George Harrison offers some new songs on *Living in the Material World* (Apple). This is not Harrison's best stuff by any means, but there are a couple of good numbers here, including "Give Me Love—Give Me Peace on Earth."

Charlie Rich is billed as a C&W singer, but he's a master of the blues as well. *Charlie Rich* (Epic) features mellow vocals and good piano (played by Rich himself) as well as good tunes, all going to make for an enjoyable disc.

Ramatan is a three piece rock group headed by April Lawton, a talented guitarist and songwriter. *In April Came the Dawning of the Red Suns* (Atlantic) shows the trio's talents off well. "Bounty on My Table" and an unusual rendition of Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" are the high points of the album.

Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Old Maid and the Thief* has been given an enthusiastic and top-notch interpretation by a cast including Margaret Baker, Judith Blegen, Anna Reynolds and John Reardon. Menotti's opera was the first commissioned for radio and therefore less visually oriented than most. The recording, on Mercury, is a must for any opera-lover's collection.

The Bolshoi Theater has given the world another rare taste of Russia in a new three record album of Tchaikovsky's *Eugen Onegin* (Angel). Exquisitely rendered by a marvelously integrated company, here is a truly exciting melodious opera filled with all the fire and passion of the Russian people. Recorded in Paris last year, the Salle Wagram lends its fabulous resonances to the full and vigorous orchestration. All in all this opera recording is a rare and hard bargin to miss.

WILL MARTIN/*editor*
R. B. KENDENNIS/*managing editor*
DICK DOWNE/*associate editor*
BILL BRADY/*art director*
BARBARA AMY LEE/*subscription*

GEM

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GEM is published bi-monthly by G&S Publications, Inc., 303 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Single copies: $1.50. Subscription rates: 6 issues in U.S. and possessions: $8.00; 12 issues: $15.00. Foreign: $9.00 and $17.00. Unsolicited material should be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope. Although reasonable precautions will be taken, the publishers can accept no responsibility for the return of photographs and stories. Any similarity in names and places mentioned in fiction and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. Entire contents copyright 1976 by G&S Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

NON-PORNOGRAPHY CODE SEAL

Our Non-Pornography Code Seal is a warranty that this magazine does not contain material that graphically depicts acts of sexual intercourse, sodomy, sadomasochistic abuse, sexual bestiality, masturbation, excretion, incest, child molestation, and male genitalia.

This magazine is, however, intended for adults only and does feature the big up front shapes of girls from all over the world, as well as sex-related, but not obscene, articles, stories, cartoons and humor.

The girls in Switzerland are like fine watches—always wound up and ready for action

THE GOLD PANTIES BRIGADE

by Ken Krippene

If you think that Switzerland is just a land of cuckoo clocks, cheese fondue, rustic chalets and breathtaking scenic Alpine beauty where boys and girls still yodel at each other from adjoining mountainpeaks, you're dead wrong. As a matter of fact, during World War I, Zurich, Switzerland's largest city located in the very heart of this winter wonderland, had the reputation of being the "wildest city in the world," and over the intervening years has changed but little.

Stroll down the glittering "Bahnhofstrasse," its tree-line principal thoroughfare, beginning at the railway station and extending for twelve blocks to the lake front, and without question, you'll see a galaxy of the world's most beautiful women—full-bosomed blonds from the Scandinavian countries, chic chicks from neighboring France, long-stemmed babes on the make from America, and tawny-skinned temptresses from the Nile, and all of them, without exception, dressed in the height of fashion—femme fatales of every nationality vying for the attentions of the well-heeled Swiss and the international playboy set.

No virile young American toursit need ever be lonely for very long in Zurich. A wink will halt a sexy Swiss miss dead in her tracks, and if you've got what turns her on, you're in for a night of fun and frolic, and long before dawn breaks over the snow-capped Alps, you'll understand why the dimpled derrieres of these voluptuous blonds have often been compared to the movements of a fine Swiss watch—they're always wound up and ready for action.

To keep the tourists happy, the canny Swiss have come up with a unique way of making certain that boy meets girl. They want everyone to be happy. For example, along the notorious "Niederdorf" in the Old Town, there is a club called Carrousel, where unattached men and women can get together without the formality of an introduction. Each numbered table in the large room is equipped with a private telephone and the multi-lingual operator will put a call through to any table you might designate. Or, if you prefer, there are several "postmen" on duty who will deliver your billet doux to anyone in the club who strikes your fancy.

The Niederdorf, a narrow cobblestone street paralleling the Limmatquai, is undoubtedly one of the city's most popular attractions. It has an international flavor and among the more popular hang-outs are "La Bodega," a Spanish wine cellar, "The Red Mill," a strip joint where the girls bare all, and "Africana," a jazz club frequented by Africans who come here to meet and date young white-skinned beauties from other parts of the world.

At night, the Niederdorf teems with humanity speaking a dozen different languages. The blare of pop music emanating from juke boxes co-mingles with the sound of combos featuring Swiss folk songs, all of which creates a raucous ear-shattering din. There are numerous snack bars where succulent bratwursts and other delicious sausages, washed down with a stein of cold beer, cost less than a dollar. These wurst shops are extremely popular with students, tourists on a budget, and back-packers who are counting their pennies.

The Niederdorf has its quota of good-looking hookers

continued on page 67

THE WHOLE U.S.A.

With every passing day it seems that gals and dudes are shedding their clothes as readily as their inhibitions. So don't be surprised if before long, a new national law is passed making stark nakedness mandatory

And

A NUDIST CAMP
Other Bare Facts

by B. S. Twilley

Nudism all over the country will be the rule rather than the exception in just a few years. This astonishing prediction comes from a survey by experts at a leading university. They wouldn't give their names because they blush easily.

"The trend toward total nakedness is evident from our intensive surveys—sometime with binoculars," says their report. "A few years ago the general public was shocked by the show "Hair," by topless waitress, by skinny-dipping at beaches and by magazines that showed photos of Teutonic sun-worshippers playing volley ball. But now those things are no longer X-rated—they are yawn-rated."

(Actually, no survey by solemn pedants ever thought up such a goody as "yawn-rated." That was inserted here at our shop.)

No committee report would be complete without a bushel of statistics to back its claims and this one has facts and figures by the carload. Let's skip them and get down to the nitty gritty or the bottom line. The report says, "Probably by 1977, all laws against streaking, flashing, indecent exposure and the like will be repealed. Even supermarkets will be required to remove those signs prohibiting bare feet.

"At first, the individual citizen may have the option of choosing whether or not to let it all hang out. 'To bare or not to bare, that is the question,' they will say.

"But within a year there won't be any question. IT WILL BE AGAINST THE LAW TO WEAR CLOTHES!"

At first there will be tremendous dislocations in the economy. Countless garment-makers, haberdashers and shoe-makers will be thrown out of work and will have to go on welfare. This will be balanced somehwat by the fact that welfare agencies won't have to supply shirts and pants for their clients. And of course the boom in manufacture of sunburn lotions, poison ivy repellants and splinter-removers will take up a good deal of the unemployment slack.

In deluxe restaurants, the bouncers who used to throw out a guy for not wearing a jacket, will still be one the job. They'll throw out the guy who is wearing a jacket.

Certain types of crime should be reduced to almost nil. Bank robbery for one. A naked stickup man might be able to mingle with a bank's regular customer with a gun taped to his crotch and a ski mask hidden under his armpit. He could whip on the mask at the last minute and strip off the gun (Ouch!) and maybe get away with some loot. But he wouldn't keep it long. Cops would have a positive identification and would pick him up soon. Tillie, the Teller, would inform police,

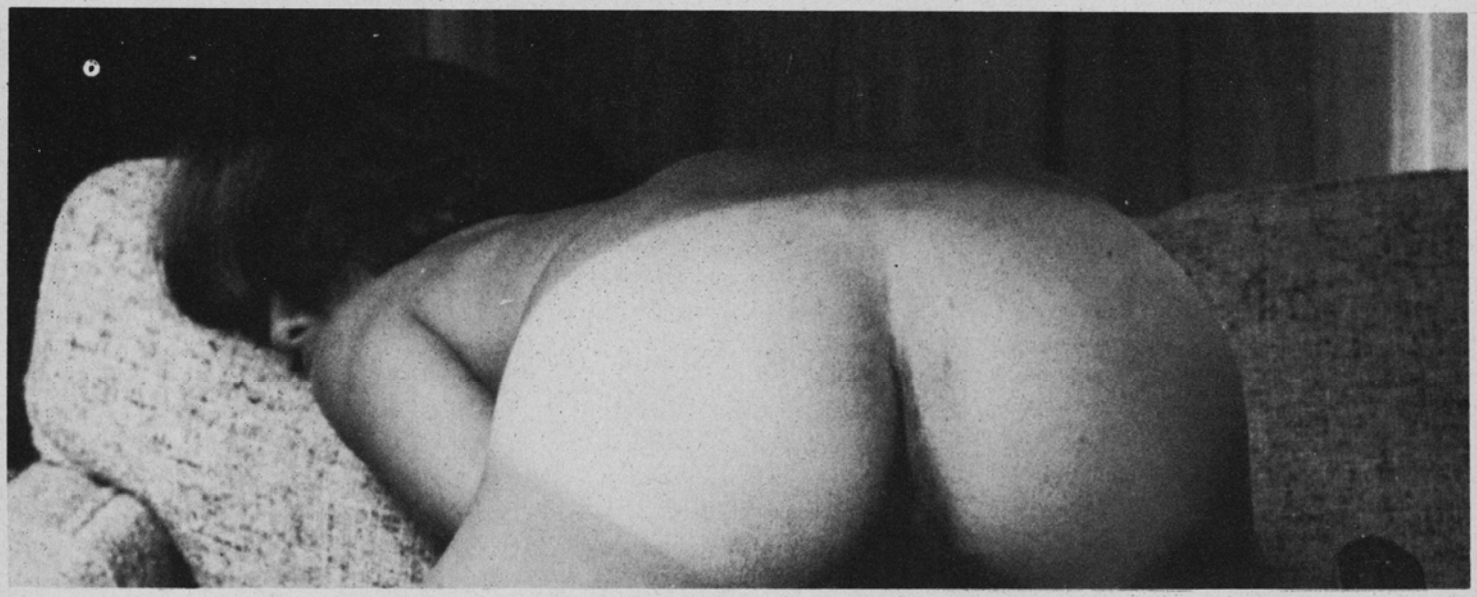
(continued on page 60)

LINDA

We first ran across this fair damsel while summering in Long Island's exclusive Hamptons. Having become bored with the daily routine of yachting, tennis, and the beach, we decided that an evening at the theatre would be in order. Our decision fortunately coincided with the opening of a new musical destined for Broadway, "Froggy Goes Hawaiian."

Expecting the usual ho-hum summer stock,

we were exhilarated to find the lovely lass you now see before you playing opposite one of our favorite thespians, Joel Kramer. Having witnessed Mr. Kramer's work in "Candide" and "The Myths of America Smith," we expected nothing but the best from him. But we were stunned by the emotional depth displayed by his young and enticing leading lady.



Immediately following the curtain call we sent our card backstage requesting an interview with super-shaped Linda. She suggested that we join her and the cast at a

local disco, The Mealy Mouth. While the cast danced The Crab to the music of Leroy Birnbaum and The Burn-outs, Linda told us of her life in the theatre. "I think this show is my big break. It's a tough role, but I've managed to get into it. Joel has been a big help to me. He's taught me so much about the art. We've even worked up some vocal duets."

At this point Linda and Kramer, accompanied by Maestro Birnbaum and his

(continued on page 48)

Marvin Twibell was a dashing fellow with a fashionable bachelor apartment, and to his fine pad he often brought young ladies. To Marvin the nicest bedtime story ever told was "Yes." Blondes, brunettes and redheads entered his place for a "night cap" only to leave with a "morning after."

One particular night Marvin brought home a ravishing grade school teacher he had met in the library. She was truly a goddess with golden-brown hair that fell to her shoulders, blue-green eyes set in a lovely, smooth face, with a mouth that was pink and ripe, and a smile that sang of the warmth and happiness within. Her ample bosom seemed ready to burst out of her thin, low-cut blouse, and her legs and thighs were long and smooth and lovingly sculpted. As he feasted his hungry eyes over her wonderful body Marvin was reminded of a delicious apple hanging on a limb just right for plucking.

First, Marvin filled the room with soft music. Then he turned the lights very low.

"Have a cigarette?" he said politely.

"No, thanks," said his gorgeous guest. "Aren't you aware that cigarette smoking may be hazardous to health?"

Next Marvin opened the liquor cabinet.

"Have a drink," he said.

"No, thank you," replied the lovely teacher. "I find that alcohol disturbs the intellectual processes."

Marvin sighed. He picked up her coat and walked toward the door.

"I may as well take you home," he said. "Unless, of course, you'd care to spend the night right here."

"I think I'd like that," the girl purred.

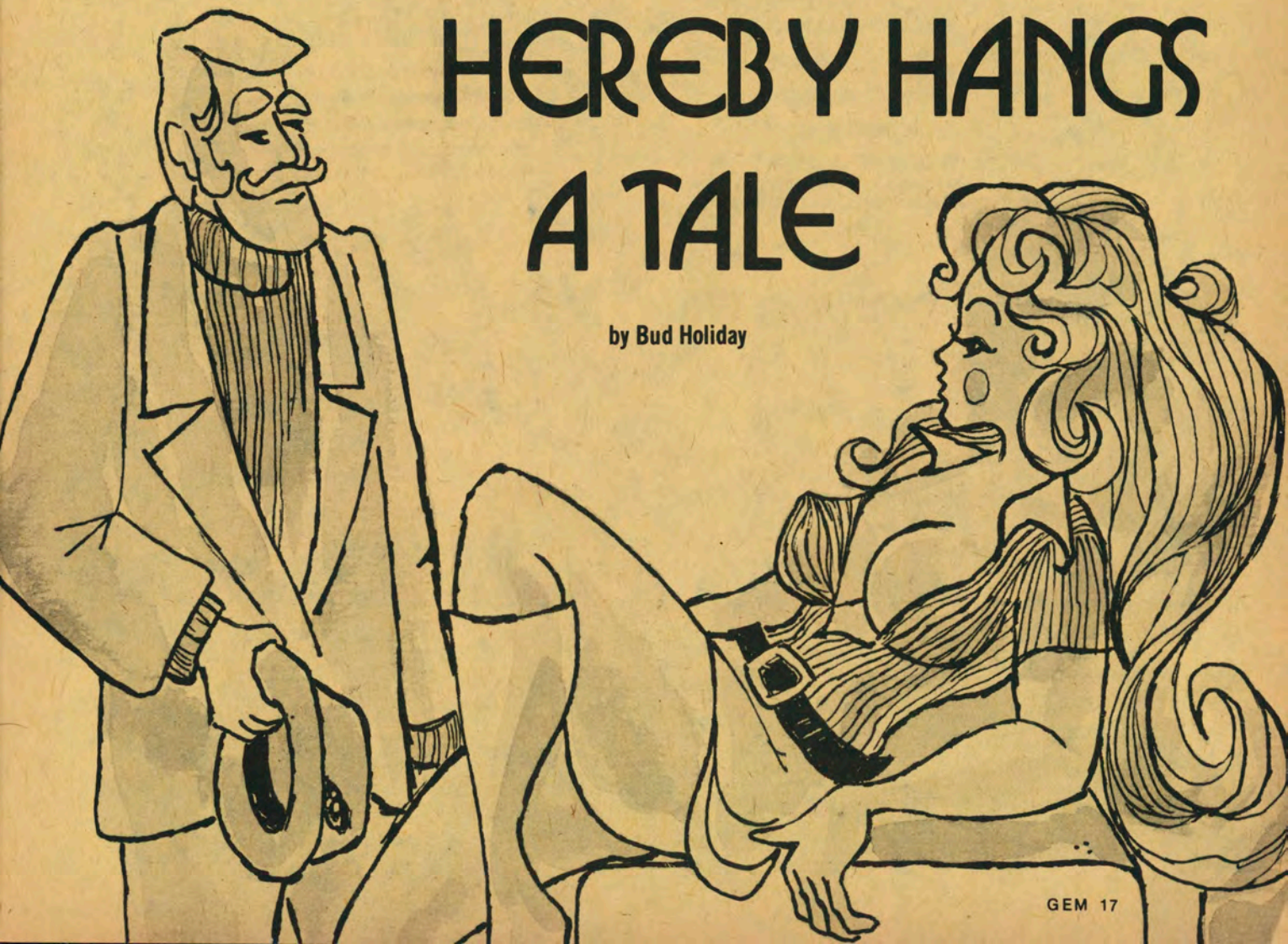
The next morning Marvin looked across his breakfast coffee at his lovely guest.

"Last night," he said, "when you refused a cigarette and a cocktail, I would have bet a hundred bucks you weren't the kind of doll to spend the night with a stranger."

"Well," the beauty said with a yawn, "It's like I say to the kids in my class in school. You don't have to smoke and drink to have a good time." □

HEREBY HANGS A TALE

by Bud Holiday



SEX INTERNATIONAL

by Warren Emery

COITAL QUOTES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

ENGLAND: "Be careful, luv, or you'll knock over me tea and crumpets!"

FRANCE: "Let me get this straight, Pierre. You say you want to get on top of me and put it into my pussy? Mon Dieu, where did you get that perverted new idea?"

GERMANY: "Achtung, Hans! One, unzip pants. Two, take off shorts. Three, insert penis. Four. . ."

MEXICO: "Mañana, Pedro, mañana . . ."

JAPAN: "Why you still turn at right angles, Hedeki? How many times I have to tell you I'm not built sideways?"

RUSSIA: "I'll do it that way if you want, Ivan, but you know what the party says about deviationists."

AUSTRALIA: "Ye Gods, look at the size of it! Maybe you'd better find yourself a kangaroo."

SAUDI ARABIA: "When I said it needed lubrication, I wasn't referring to that kind of oil!"

SPAIN: "When I ask what you'd like, you're supposed to say 'A lay! A lay!'—not 'Ole! Ole!'"

SWITZERLAND: "It this what they mean by 'yodeling in the canyon?'"

TAHITI: "If you don't give me some action tonight, Mr. Christian, I'm going to mutiny!"

ANTARCTICA: "Let's try it the regular way, huh? Your nose is too cold!"

EIRE: "Put that bottle down, Paddy, and I'll give you something even better to wet your whistle with."

SICILY: "Bastardo! I don't care if you are the Godfather—you pay just like everybody else!"

ISRAEL: "Sure I like the kibbutz—but not for everyone to watch and kibbutz at a time like this."

CANADA: "So what if you're a Mountie? I'm doing it in bed, not on that damn horse!"

GREECE: "But today's Monday, not Sunday!"

CHINA: "Funny thing. An hour after you eat me, I feel sexy again. . ."

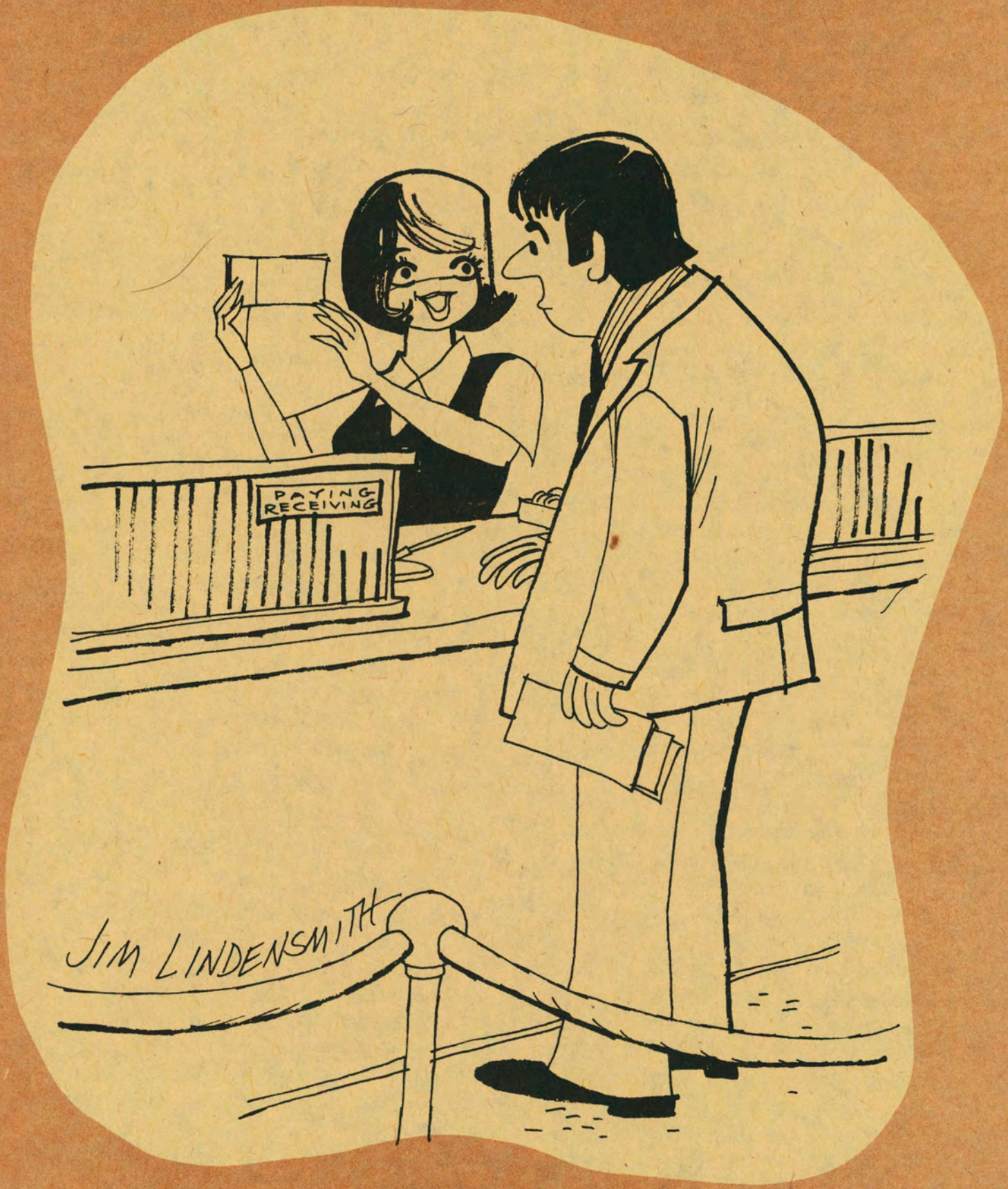
PANAMA: "Come on, Felipe, enter my canal."

FINLAND: "Not in the sauna again, Eino. I've still got splinters in my behind from the last time!"

FRENCH MOROCCO: "See, isn't it nice to come with me in the Casbah?"

HOLLAND: "Not in the dike, Peter—in me!"

U.S.A.: "That was great, mister. What did you say your name is?" □



"It's our newest service—pornographically illustrated personalized checks."

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round

TV has shown us a fellow who plays piano with his nose. But it has not shown us, nor is it about to, another truly unusual musician, Miss Honeysuckle Divine. Honeysuckle plays the flute—not with her cute pretty lips but with her cute pretty whatchacallit.

Now you may consider it strange in these permissive times that we should refer to her thingamummy as a watchacallit. But prudence is our motto. We have noticed that every newspaper reporter reviewing Miss Devine's act has said she uses "an unusual technique to play the flute, blow out candles and smoke cigarettes."

Sometimes her "Unusual technique" gets her arrested. Many cops have a poor appreciation of musical talent and some may just be against smoking. So far she has beat the rap every time she got busted.

In your friendly, neighborhood, X-rated theater, Moneysuckle is billed as star of the porno hit, "S O. S." and "the girl the whole world is raving about." She's a long-haired blonde and performs in the nude. Can Elton John, Alice Cooper or Lawrence Welk match that?

Honeysuckle Divine is listed as an exotic dancer, and all customers watch her exotic dancing with keen interest, especially when she's naked. But the truth is, they,re all really waiting for the time she plays the flute.

Since this department always tries to be helpful to young artists we offer these special selections to be added to her repertoire:

"Doin' What Comes Snatcherly."

"My Cuntree 'Tis of Thee."

"Carry Me Back to Ol' Vagina."

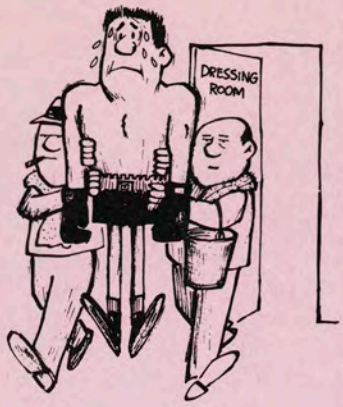
Good grief! Here's a sexy doll who can do a blow job with a flute. Eat your heart out, Linda Lovelace!

Toothy Old Joke
Makes News Headlines

New York police hid a TV camera in a dentist's office and observed him doing naughty things to a woman patient who was unconscious from an anesthetic. He is accused of filling the wrong cavity.

Here's Good News
For Lovers Who Drink

After you have plied the girl with enough drinks so that she's willing and able, will you, having had drink for drink with the bird, be willing and unable? It's a matter of concern for some boozers and may account for the popularity of pot. Shakespeare started the worry by saying when you get high your pecker stays low. Naturally Rutgers made a survey at some expense. They found that drunks are not in demand as bed partners. But they concluded with an uplifitng observation: A healthy man can have his five or six drinks and still ball the hell out of his partner. (That's no exactly the way Rutgers worded it, but be happy with the idea).



New College Yell:
Raw! Raw! Raw!

One of the attractive educational features of the State University of New York is a dormitory room with a water bed where co-eds can co-habit. Some old fashioned parents gnash their teeth, no doubt. But isn't this a better way to get sex education than out of text books? And isn't the water bed a great incentive for high-schoolers to study harer to pass their college entrance exams?

The Lovely Lesbo
and Her Sexy Vegetable

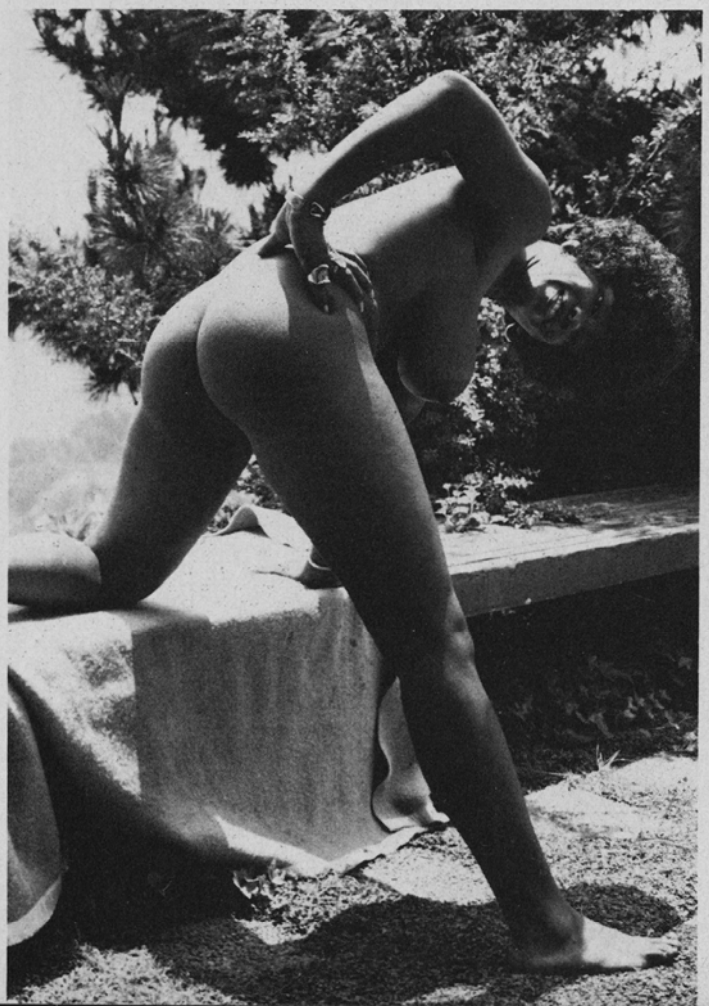
A high-class literary publication, "Bookletter," offers this: "Alas, this lesbian paradise is corrupted by Edna's jealousy of Ginny's essential heterosexuality. Edna, desperate, uses a greased cucumber as a dildo, assuring Ginny, 'It's all right—it's organically grown.'"

There was a young co-ed
from Duke
Who jerked herself off with a cuke.
She said, "Though it may
Not be a great lay,
It's more fun than strumming
a uke."

Did Linda Lovelace
Start a Trend?

Prostitutes don't generally hang price lists on their bosoms as the only way a fellow can tell if he's getting

(continued on page 53)



MARY

The state of California has a special place in our hearts, for so many of the breathtaking BUF bombshells featured in these pages over the years have hailed from the sunny West Coast. It occurred to us that perhaps there's something in the weather and mellow California vibes that fosters the development of the mammoth mammaries treasured by the cultured BUF connoisseur. We decided to spare no expense in our effort to substantiate this theory, and dispatched a team of scientific experts to California to conduct extensive research. It will be a few months before we have any conclusive results, but our

men have already sent us these revealing and exciting photographs, proving that the species of female we idolize can still be found on the California beaches.

Marvelous Mary hails from Fresno, where she teaches Home Economics at a local high school. Mary feels that this is an important part of the school curriculum, as so many young women never learn the basics of cooking and housekeeping in this age of women's lib. Here students learn to prepare a wide variety of ethnic foods, including cheese

blini, chicken teriaki, and a variety of Mexican dishes.

In addition to being an angel in the kitchen, Mary has a reputation as being a terror on the tennis courts. Inspired by Billie Jean King and Chris Evert, Mary has won several local competitions and claims she can whip any male player in Fresno. After observing her in several matches of both singles and doubles, we have to admit this gal struts her stuff in fine form. We had a tough time trying to keep from gaping only at her own outstanding BUF doubles.

Our affection for the West Coast has deepened even further since our team of scientists discovered Mary. It's plain to see why we're raising a racket over this agile and super-stacked tennis player. □

Hank Ferriwell's Speedy Balls

In case you don't remember Frank Merriwell, he was the all-pure, all-American athlete-hero. Let's bring his counterpart up to date in these anti-hero times

by Bert L. Sandwich

Editor's Note: Frank Merriwell is a name remembered mostly by greybeards. Yet he was the greatest sports hero of his time, which was half a century or more ago. That even some of the younger citizens are showing an interest in him is established by the fact that the Publishers Central Bureau is offering three books for sale: "Frank Merriwell's Chums," "Frank Merriwell's Foes" and "Frank Merriwell's Schooldays."

He was the fictional creation of Burt L. Standish. Frank always got the hit or threw the pitch that won the crucial game. He was idolized by boy readers who lived before TV was invented. He was a clean-cut chap who didn't drink, smoke, swear or (you should excuse the expression) fuck. Dozens of books about his adventures sold in the millions.

Now a Dirty Old Man has come to us with the suggestion that the Merriwell-type story should be updated. He points out that modern stories about athletes tell it like it is, warts and hard-ons and all. He cites Jim Bouton's best-seller, "Ball Four," the recent bio of Babe Ruth and other books too licentious to mention.

He has a point. Still we hesitated. Wouldn't we offend Merriwell's few remaining old readers? Wouldn't author Burt L. Standish turn over in his grave?

"Don't be silly," said the D.O.M. "They'll never hear about it. They wouldn't be caught dead reading a Big Up Front magazine."

So we herewith print a version of how an innocent Frank Merriwell sort of yarn might be handled in this permissive age.

(signed)
Clean-Cut Editor

Young Hank Ferriwell's Speedy Balls

by Bert L. Sandwich

The day had dawned bright and clear for the Big Game between the old Ivory League rivals, Yowl and Hardfart. In the top of the ninth inning, with the scored

(continued on page 53)

"Bon appetit!"

GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

By Paul Steiner

"Potty Pen" is the name of this special pen desk accessory for "crappy notes" A fun piece of Westminster Industries

Your favorite magazine is continuing its regular roundup of some of the raciest, wildest, sexiest bits of action and dialogue from current films, plays, on and off-Broadway, nightclubs and the arts, with special stress on quick snatches from the flicks. Hold on, here we go:

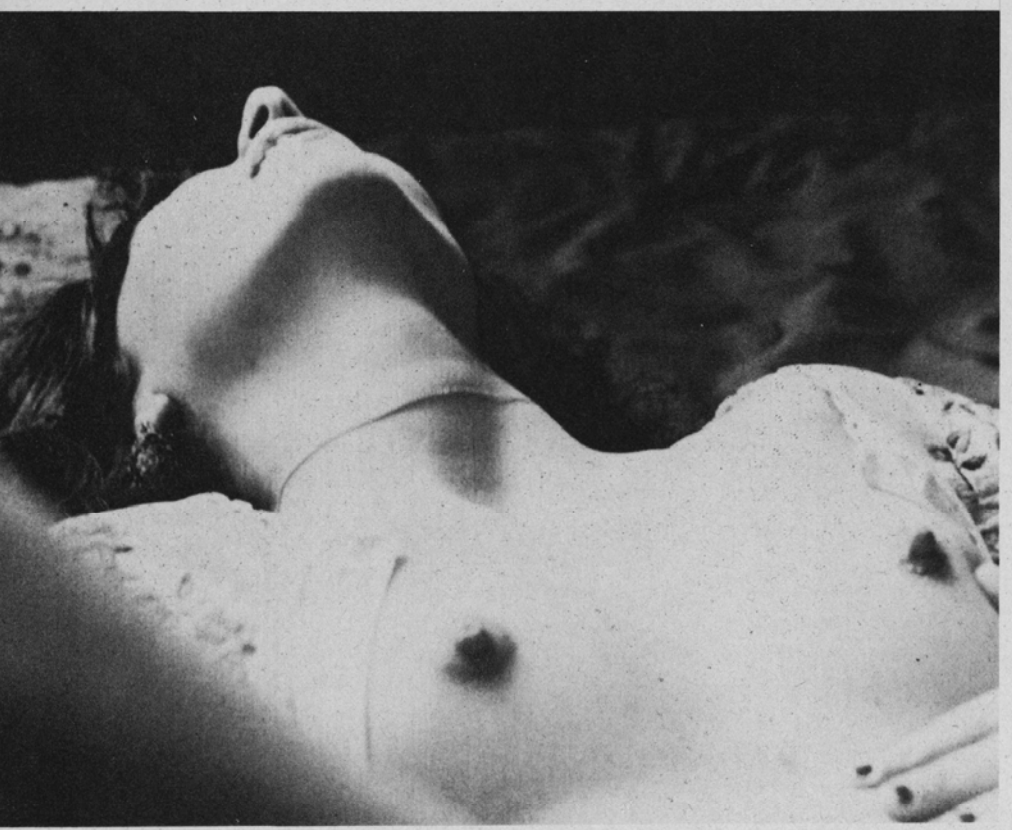
In "Little Orphan Sammy," Rocky Millstone as Sammy has to first satisfy a tearful group of horny females—the orphan asylum's MD, a nurse and its director—before leaving for the home of the woman who is adopting him, the scheming Hata Mari played convincingly by Jennifer Welles of "Honeypie" fame. One of her spying tricks is to hide a secret listening device in a dildo, doubtless a cinematic first.

In AIRP's "Squirm," a Fly Creek, Ga. sheriff, all ready to penetrate his chick-for-the-night with his ding-dong, finds that invading, wriggly worms have beaten him to it. "Don't do that, it tickles," giggles the girl—not yet aware that the worms are at it, not her bedmate.

"My Friends," a hilarious sex-comedy as only the Italians produce it, features a guy who makes obscene phone calls from his hospital bed to the chief MD's young nubile wife: "Tell me what your nipples are like," he pleads. In another scene, a middle-aged reporter in a bar that's open through the early AM hours is urged by a prostitute to "have a go." "Leave him alone," says another patron. "He's been working all night." "And I haven't?," pouts the offended hooker. The film also features an impoverished nobleman in his 50's who, though married, sleeps with the 18-year-old daughter of a colonel. Every day he makes her swear that he's the only man she loves, especially when she can't account for every hour not spent with

Promotion art for "Little Orphan Sammy," a sex spoof film not meant for youngsters

These two photos are from the adult movie, "The Trouble With Young Stuff." Despite the top pix, it's not a tongue-in-cheek flick but, rather, a red-hot film about a hot-in-the-panties teen-aged nympho.



him. He is shocked when he eventually surprises her in bed with another chick. "You see, it's true, you're the only *man* I have sex with," she explains.

"The Last Woman," is about Gerard, a French engineer, whose wife, a militant feminist, has left him with their one-year-old baby son. Gerard is immediately turned on by Valerie, the baby's young and beautiful nursery school teacher, when he watches her letting baby fondle one of her shapely breasts. She soon moves in with him and he continues his habit of constantly walking about his apartment completely naked. Pointing to baby's tiny pecker, Gerard asks Valerie: "See his little wiener? Want to see mine?" She does. One sex episode after another follows. In one scene Gerard sucks baby's pacifier while getting the oral treatment from kneeling Valerie. In between, Gerard screws neighbor's wife whose big tits he likes. Reminiscing over childhood snapshots, Valerie asks about a melon-breasted black girl. "She was my first 'mistress', Gerard explains; "I used to jack off when I was eleven looking at her picture."

Scope Pictures' "Baby Rosemary," laid in West Coast locations, will provide you a very broad sexucation. Sex takes place upstairs, downstairs and on the stairs. Not to mention hallways. Says a young guy to his hallway sex partner: "You have a hairy ass! Did you know that?" Sweet little Rosemary is forced at knifepoint to perform fellatio while the guy's regular chick watches with glee. Another weirdo pleads: "Suck my ankle!" There's also enough do-it-yourself, group and she-she sex to satisfy even the most jaded appetites.

A great N.Y.C. boutique, Alex, features blouses emblazoned with: "I HUSTLE" which are mighty popular, especially with the non-professionals.

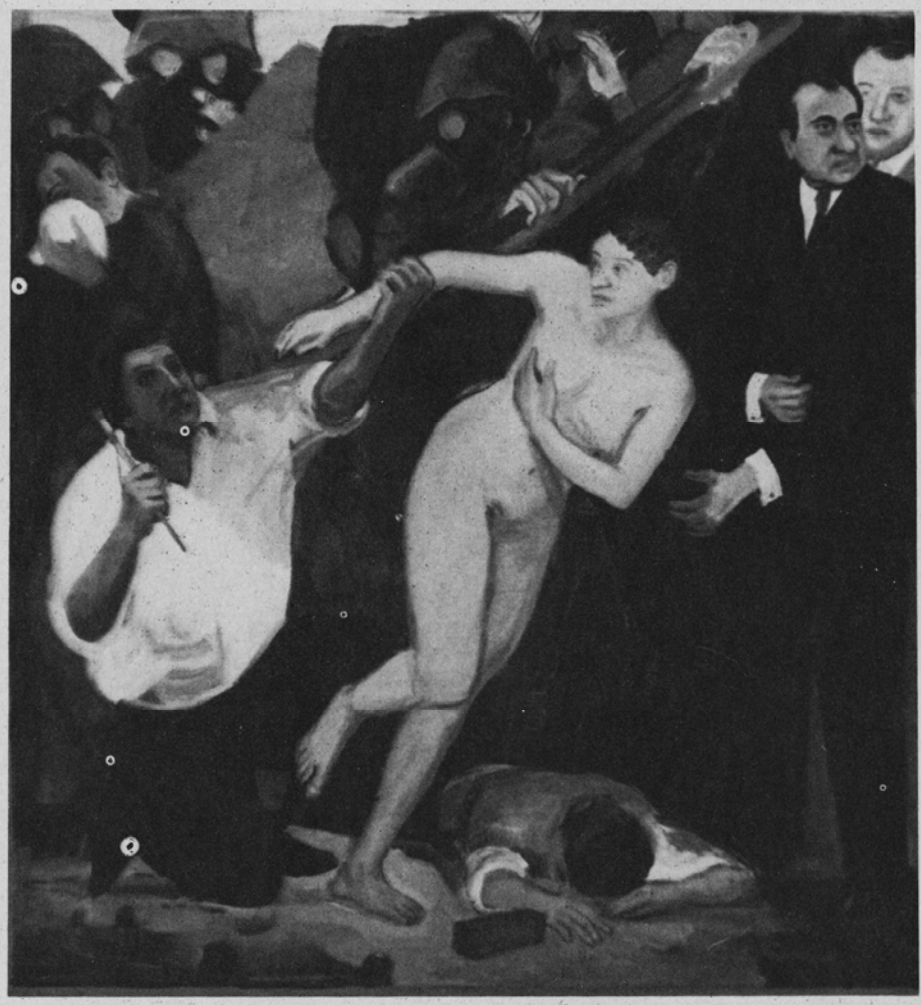
Quite often Henny Youngman comes up with something more than a one-liner. He tells about the 70-year-old investor who married a 25-year-old chick and died in a famous hotel's honeymoon suite. "What happened?" the police wanted to know. Snapped the just-widowed, negligee-clad bride: "Simple—he came. And he went!"

In the hilarious spoof, "Tunnel Vision," starring Chevy Chase, a prototype of TV "psychologist-problem solver" lists a few early warning signs for a mental breakdown, among them: 1) if you wet your child's bed, 2) if you call your mother for a date, 3) if you walk into a Hell's Angels bar and shout, "All you pussy bikers suck!"

"The Trouble With Young Stuff" is an explicit, hard-core film for adults. It has some of the kinkiest footage imaginable. The scense of a gigantic cucumber being utilized as a dildo are not to be believed. Mathilda is the main character. After her arrival at the home of Alicce Ann and Jack, things are turned upside down. Strutting her still-maturing body, the teenage "hellcat" is out to put the make on anyone and everyone who chances to come her way.

Spotted at Annual Premium Show, N.Y. Coliseum: Sniff 'n' Smile T-shirts showing a lemon and emblazoned with "SUCK-ON-IT."

Ex-shoe shine and busboy Gerard Damiano, often called the "D. W. Griffith of Porn" who has given us "Deep Throat," "The Devil in Miss Jones," and "The Story of Joanna" has become a favorite also of many major critics. Said one: "A chef of the close-up, he caters a buffet of tremendous tongues, prodigious penises, breasts like snow banks and buttocks like Moby Dick. He is also our foremost choreographer of portions of the body that do not normally dance."



These two paintings, described as powerful and searing political commentaries, are by Paul Georges and were exhibited at Fishbach, one of NY's outstanding art galleries Photos are by Santi Visalli

CYLDA

Our London lensman cabled us recently to inform us of a spectacular BUF beauty named Cylda he had just captured on film. He raved on about his new discovery, claiming that nothing in London could compare with her. We excitedly awaited the arrival of the photographs.

When the much-awaited parcel finally appeared, we immediately discovered that Cylda was none other than Jeanne, a popular gal whose magnificent form has graced our

Gem of the Month

pages before. Jeanne is one of our all-time favorites, and judging from our mail, you readers just can't get enough of her. Following Jeanne's last appearance in our mag, the mailman wanted to sue us because he got a rupture from having to carry so many sacks filled with letters from her many admirers.

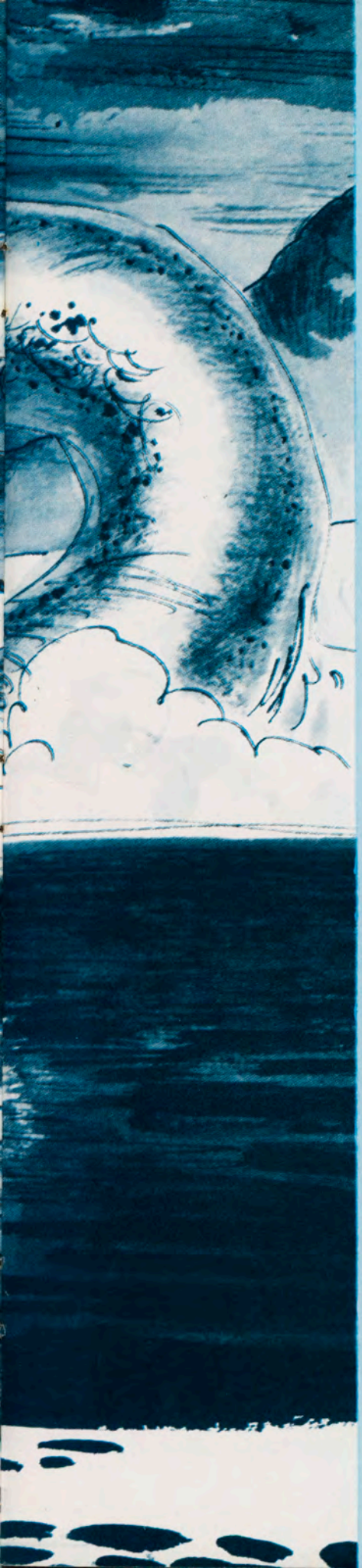
Cylda-Jeanne (we wonder what she'll call

herself the next time) has become a much sought-after model in the London scene and she only accepts a fraction of the jobs offered to her. She's done a good deal of work modeling soaps and bath oils, as well as some fashion modeling. Her success has enabled her to put more time aside for her hobby of designing and making women's hats. The floppy straw hat Jeanne sports in some of the photos here is one of her recent creations. Recently Jeanne made some 18th century headgear to celebrate the American Bicentennial. She sells most of her work to a

local milliner, but makes a point of keeping one of each style for herself.

Our buxum brunette dazzler plans a vacation in the U.S. next year, where she plans to visit us, some friends and do some sightseeing. She's particularly looking forward to checking out the theatre scene in New York which she's heard a great deal about.

Cylda or Jeanne, call her what you will, is a BUF knockout of the highest order. We tip our hats to her and look forward to seeing her in the U.S. soon. □



MOBY THE DICK

by John Keefauver

With filmmakers having cashed in on the phenomenal success of "Jaws" by making horror pictures using a whale, an octopus, an unsmiling dolphin—and desperately as the public began to tire of the same old thing—a hunchbacked herring, a ghetto tadpole, an eighteen-foot tapeworm, and a gap-toothed rat with water wings, it seemed obvious that something new was needed to attract bored moviegoers. Finally Wonder Brothers Studio ("If It's A Good Picture, It's A Wonder!"), smartly realizing that the missing element was sex, has now come up with a thriller about a giant sardine with a monstruous wang, named Moby the Dick, who screws women to death. The break-through film begins during an evening fish fry on a nude beach with the camera focusing on the skeletal remains of the feast, all the fish with heads intact and eyes malevolently beady. As a naked young woman leans over the pile of bones to dispose of the remains of a mackerel she has been senuously devouring, one of the fish jaws slowly opens and snaps at her boobs, which helps the plot. Gasping, she draws back, but soon over her wanton, resort-bum features swims an expression of strange desire, and with a cry of "Hubba hubba hubba!" she races into the sea and swims off into the sunset with powerful cleavage strokes.

The following morning one of the fish fryers, on the beach looking for his pants, finds the female swimmer of the night before, dead, but with an expression of awe, triumph and pleasure. Others join him, and as they look out over the water, they see moving silently through the sea not far from shore, proudly erect, flauntingly virile, the monstruous wang of a Great White Sardine.

Immediately an expression of furious desire wades onto the face of a wantonly beautiful woman spectator as her mouth is opened by her naked jaws. She strips off her clothes and, bawling, "ooh-ohh-ohooooo, dah! Aah-hah! Ho-boy! Penis envy!" is about to dash into the sea toward the periscope-like pecker when she is caught and led away by a group of men, including the steely-jawed chief of police of the resort town and the greedy, weak-jawed mayor. "Get me a gynecologist!" bawls the chief. "It looks like this woman has been humped to death by a Great White Sardine."

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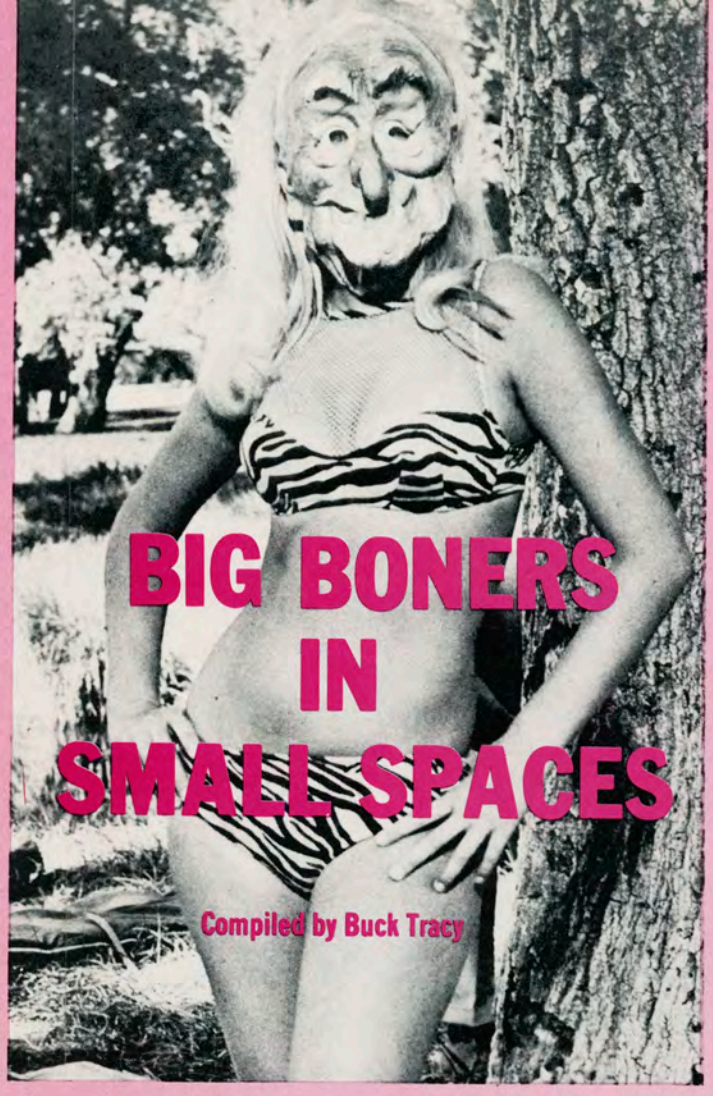


BIG BONERS IN SMALL SPACES

Compiled by Buck Tracy

A musician selling a cello on television told the shocked St. Louis audience: "I have between my legs an instrument that gives pleasure to thousands."

The order form for classified ads in a weekly Kansas shopping news reads: "For assistance contact Miss Vikki. For best results give her a minimum of three insertions."

A Phoenix disc jockey extolling the virtues of a local beauty salon announced: "This week's special for only four-ninety five is a haircut, shampoo and blow job."

How do you advertise a Mission Bay resort hotel? A San Diego tourist guide put it this way: "Honeymoon heaven—Try a weekend first."

A Sioux City MALE HELP WANTED ad read: "NEED MAN WITH WASHROOM EXPERIENCES."

Sign in a Boston store window: "LADIES, THESE SHOES POSITIVELY MAKE STREET WALKING A PLEASURE."

The tangled tongue of a Dallas radio announcer produced this instant classic: "And Dad will love a slice of Sunrise toast. Remember, it's Sunrise for the breast in bed."

From an advertisement in the Sunday supplement pages of a Minneapolis newspaper: "LADIES, THROUGH OUR SUCCESSFUL WEIGHT CONTROL PROGRAM, YOU CAN QUICKLY LOSE WEIGHT AND STILL EAT THREE HEARTY MALES A DAY."

Eager to promote his station's "Girl Friday Contest," a Johnstown, Pa. radio announcer read a list of prizes that the lucky young lady could win. The deejay ended his pitch by urging businessmen to "Enter your secretary today!"

Reader eyebrows were raised by this typogoofical error in a Miami city magazine: "USE THE ATHLETIC SUPPORTER THAT GIVES ROUND-THE-COCK PROTECTION."

Startled listeners heard a New Orleans radio personality state: "I always delve into products before I tell you about them. This morning I'm going to discuss panties."

A press release described a horror flick as follows: "DAY OF THE DOGS" concerns a pack of vicious dogs which first attack Hollywood movie makers and then go after members of the human race."

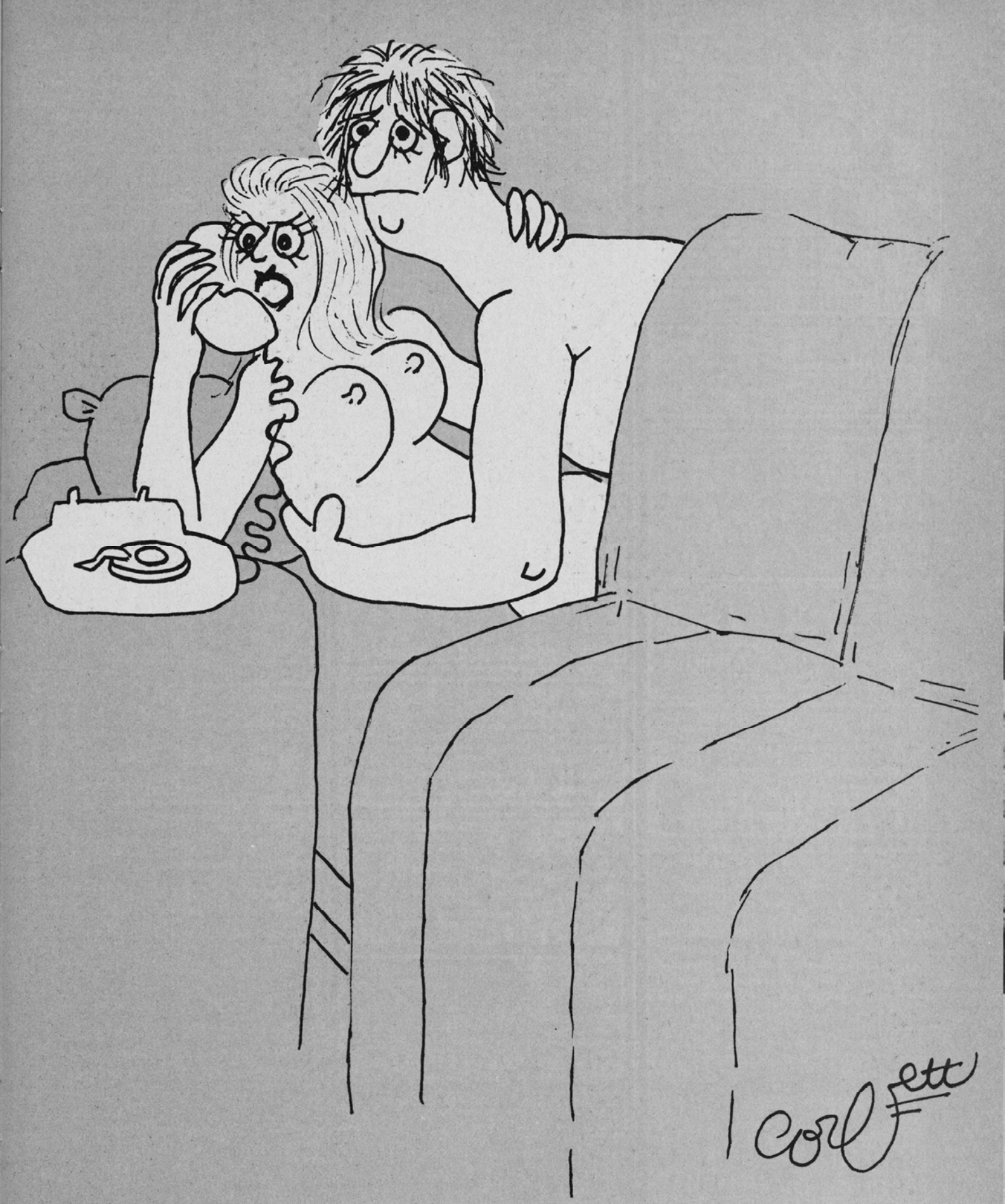
An ad in an Oregon newspaper read: "A WHITE BRIDAL GOWN SIGNIFIES VIRGINITY. HOWEVER, LIGHT PASTEL SHADES ARE QUITE POPULAR AT VERONICA'S."

A commercial talker on an Atlanta radio station delighted his audience with the following lauderette commercial: "Ladis who wish to drive by and drop off their clothes will receive prompt and individual attention."

Channel 11, San Jose, video taped this furniture store commercial: "Lovequist has the best waterbeds in town for love or money."

"FOR SALE: LOVE SEAT. WILL EXCHANGE FOR SOFA OR OCCASINAL PIECE." (Santa Cruz Sentinel).

"WIDOWS MADE TO ORDER. SEND SPECIFICATIONS OF YOUR APERTURES." So read a contractor's ad.



"How many times do I have to ask you not to phone me at work!"

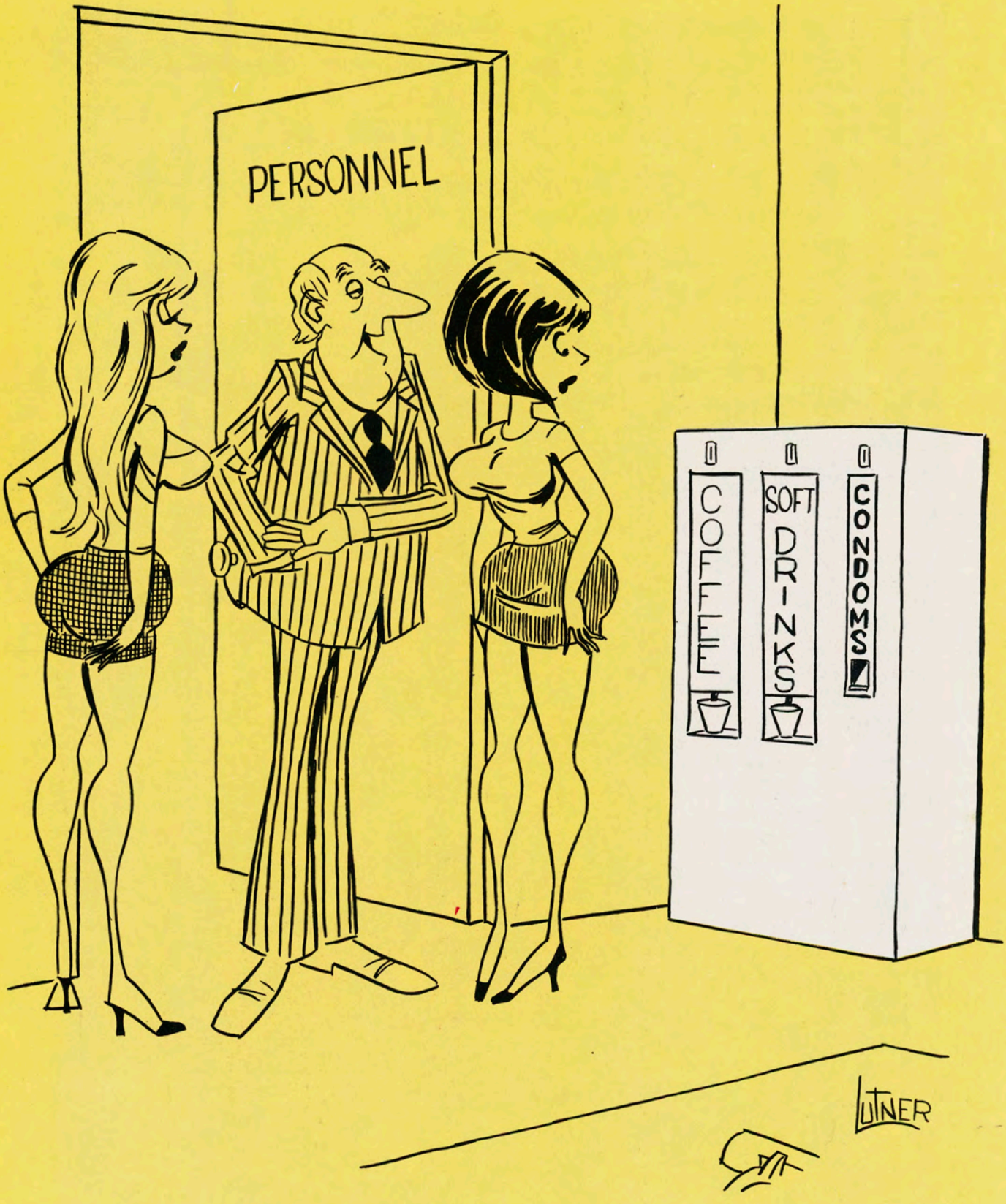
LEADING LADY

continued from page 16

ensemble, delivered a series of sensitive and moving duets, including "Hit Parade of Love" and "Nobody's Dirty Business." The two have

been offered work as a duo, and may perform together if their busy schedules permit.

Seductive Linda will be studying acting this year with internationally acclaimed director, K. Varnishkes, as well as performing off-off Broadway in Chip Feldman's rock musical-comedy adaptation of "Oedipus Rex." There's no doubt in our minds that this talented and comely lass has a major career ahead of her.



"Betty will show you the ropes, Miss Pringle I'm sure you'll find this office a fun place to work."

HANK FERRIWELL'S BALLS

continued from page 29

tied 113 to 113, Young Hank Ferriwell was on the mound for the Powerful Puce Machine, a nickname that had been given to his "nine."

He was a fine figure of a young man with curly hair and a handsome profile. He had the biggest curve ever seen in collegiate ranks; also the biggest hangover. He was a smart young pitcher so he drank only vodka. Thus he had no telltale breath to give away his secret vice to Foxy Cornball, the veteran coach.

Hank had walked the first three men and the bases were loaded. His sturdy catcher, Ted Trueblood, came to the mound for a conference.

"Anything wrong, Hank, old pal?" asked the sturdy fraternity brother.

"Yes," said the stalwart hurler. "My fiancee, Betty Co-ed, has given me the clap."

"Migod, then I must have it too!" exclaimed his ruddy teammate.

"But also I have trouble reading your signs," declared the port-sider. "My eyes are so bleary I can't tell if you are calling for one of my speedy balls or my in-and-out-and-in curve that is far more baffling than Christy Mathewson's fadeaway. Your fingers are too small to see at a distance of 60 feet, six inches."

"That is no problem," the receiver rejoined. "I'll take out my pecker. If it points to the left, it's a fast ball. If it points to the right, it's a curve. If it points straight up, Betty has winked at me from her box behind third base."

Did we mention that the bases were loaded with nobody out? The next batter hit a screaming liner headed for center field. Hank saw three balls hurtling toward him. He leaped high, grabbed the one in the middle, and threw to first base. Double play but a run scored, breaking the tie. Hank threw three speedy balls and struck out the next batter. Clement Goodfellow.

Whilst the umpire was dusting off home plate between half innings, Hank sneaked under the stands to have a quiet smoke. He was well known as a fellow who avoided tobacco in all forms and never puffed cigars or chawed tobacco like those uncouth ruffians of the Major Leagues. What he smoked was a reefer.

While he was inhaling his "pot" he was approached by Snavely Snerd, a ferret-like individual who was known for "fixing" horse races, elections and tiddleywinks matches. Snavely was connected with the "mob."

"Hi, young fellow," he ex-postulated.

"Howdy," retorted Young Hank.

"Say, listen, I know you can hit a home run any time you come to bat," smoothtalked the crooked crook. "But if you refrain from doing it in this game, there's a million simoleons in it for you."

"How dare you, sir?" exploded Young Hank. "A true blue collegain would not let down his school for any amount of money!"

"Well, it takes all kinds to make up the world," philosophized the fixer. "But I wonder if you'd refrain from hitting a home run if I guaranteed you a date with Fifi LaRue, who is naked in the center-fold of your latest BUF magazine?"

"You have made me an offer I cannot refuse," stated the clean-cut young pitcher.

So he went to bat in the ninth, two outs and a man on first. (No designated hitters in the college league).

Hank took a wild swing at a pitch out of the strike zone.

He took another half-hearted swing and fouled one off.

The next pitch came over the heart of the plate. Hank's bloodshot, hungover eyes were still seeing triple. He swung desperately trying to miss all three baseball. But he miscalculated. The three bats struck the three balls and whammo! Home run! Hank's joyous mates lifted him to their shoulders and carried him around the bases in triumph.

Tears coursed down the young hero's cheeks. The newspapers reported they were tears of joy.

Young Hank Ferriwell is, of course, the hero of his alma mater. His home run won the Big Game.

The postgame bullet in the back of his head is ascribed to an irate fan of the other college.

But we know better, don't we? The Surgeon General has determined that double-crossing the mob is dangerous to your health. □

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

continued from page 21

screwed while getting screwed is by doing some comparative shopping. Or by reading *The New York Post.* That family journal interviewed a pimp who said his girls generally made $25 for intercourse and $15 for oral sex.

One Senior Citizen (a fellow over 30) was amazed. "In my day the blow job was always considered more rare, exotic and unusual by far than a fuck—and therefore more expensive. I still think that's the right attitude, but the girls know what the true pay scale should be, I suppose."

Artists and Models and Poetry, Too

Learn a new word every day. Today's word:

MADDER—(1) A herbaceous climbing plant cultivated for the dye obtained from it. (2) The color obtained from madder dyes or pigment.

Now use your new word in sentence, thus:

While Titain was mixing
rose madder
His model was crouched
on a ladder.
Her position to Titian
Suggested coition
So he stopped mixing madder
and had 'er.

GOP Veteran Comes Through Niftily

Abe Lincoln was the last Republican to have a sense of humor. A Democrat told me so. Nevertheless, Barry Goldwater got off a pretty good crack. He said, "Sex is a lot like politics. You don't have to be good at it to enjoy it."

His work in the lab was finished and now the dog was all he needed to carry out his ingenious and fool-proof plan to rid himself of his fat wife, an old pill he couldn's swallow any longer

THE K-9 PLOT OF MR. PLATT

by Fred D. White

The pills were finished. Smiling sinisterly, George Platt glanced past the potpourri of laboratory equipment at the clock: 7 p.m. He had called his wife earlier to explain that he was engaged in the critical stages of a vital research project, and consequently would not be home on time. However, before coming to work that morning he had purchased something she always wanted, and would bring it home tonight.

"Please tell me what it is, or at least give me a hint," Mrs. Platt had begged.

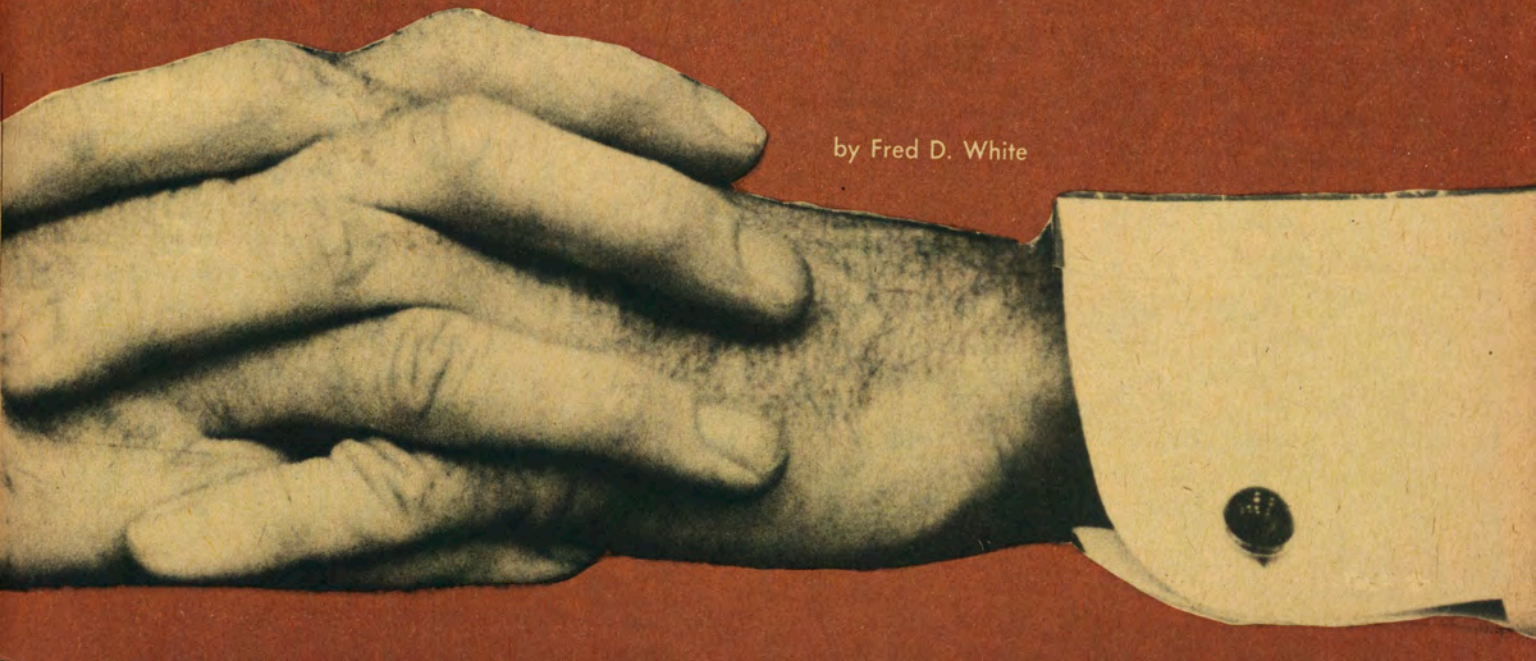
"Okay—it has two warm, friendly eyes, a sophisticated bark—"

"Why Georgie! you mean you finally bought me a doggie?"

His mind shrieked: *That's right, you imbecile,* but he replied, "Yes my dear. What you've always wanted." He gazed with satisfaction at the precious white tablets that were the result of three months' feverish labor.

"And is he a German shepherd?"

"You guessed it, sweetie. A handsome, charming German shepherd. Stately as a prince, the



quintessence of canine nobility," he added, using his wife's overripe rhetoric.

"And may we call him Percival?"

"Percival! A delightful name."

Mrs. Platt flooded the wire with kisses and adorations. It took almost five more minutes till she hung up.

Now George Platt carefully placed the pills into a brown bottle that had an aspirin label on it. No one could possibly detect any difference. He placed the bottle inside a paper bag labeled Johnson's Drugs.

Then he closed up the lab and drove to the kennel to pick up Percival.

When he arrived home Mrs. Platt greeted her husband at the door. "Oh, Georgie!" she screeched when she saw Percival. She whipped her flabby arms around George, then embraced the dog. Percival whined and arched his muzzle up into Mrs. Platt's fat, pink face.

Then she noticed the little bag George was holding. "What's in the bag, dearie? Another surprise?"

"Er, oh, no — just aspirin. Aspirin. Have you fixed something for me to eat?"

"Yes, of course. Now you just sit down and relax, and Mama will get your yumyum ready."

Gad, he certainly could not bear much more of her.

George ordered Percival to sit; the dog instantly obeyed. "We're going to have some fun tomorrow, aren't we, chap?" he whispered.

As he ate, Mrs. Platt sat down beside him. She smelled like stale orchids. "Sorry I came home so late," he muttered to her between bites. "Still going downtown with Maude tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes, there are a million things I must buy."

Mr. Platt's eyes smiled. 'I think I'll stay home with Percival and teach him a few tricks. An able hound is nice to have around."

"That's what I've always said. Why, Percival can guard me when I take my backyard sun baths!"

Mr. Platt nodded, his eyes still grinning.

When Mrs. Platt left the next day, George and Percival scouted the back alley for the stray cat that had kept George awake night after night (his dear wife once insisted on feeding the poor, hungry darling).

It was nearly an hour later before they finally spotted it. The striped feline strutted along aloofly, tail arched stiffly in the air. Percival a well-trained dog who had been taught not to be aroused by cats, watched attentively while his master skillfully captured the animal. Now they ran back to the house and into the basement.

Quickly, George opened the storeroom and removed the cage, pulley and ropes that he had put aside for this occasion. With one of the ropes, he tied the protesting cat to a pipe; the other rope he led from the trapdoor of the cage onto the pulley and through a small, square window he had sawed out of the storeroom door. A rather crude setup, but Mr. Platt felt sure it would suffice for the test.

Everything was ready. He took the bottle from his pocket and fed a pill to Percival. Immediately he pushed the dog into the cage, dropped the door and rushed into the storeroom. He looked out the window, unable to keep down the excitement that churned inside his stomach. Two minutes later, when Percival began to growl menacingly, George yanked down on the rope. The cage door snapped open.

Percival bounded out of the cage

—a snarling, foaming monster. The cat struggled hysterically against the rope; in the next instant the raving beast was upon it, ripping it to bloody shreads! Mr. Platt turned his head as a sensation of insidious victory tingled through his body.

Man, did it ever work! His pills were a success. He now knew for sure that they would transform any living species into a death-dealing killer!

It took Percival several minutes to return to normal, after which time George emerged from the storeroom, replaced the apparatus, and painstakingly cleaned up the gory mess Percival had made of the cat.

Later, he let Percival outside and hurried into the bedroom to make a phone call to young, beautiful Rhonda Sutherland. They talked for a long, long time, going over their plans which were, at long last, going to materialize. Finally, drowsy and content, he bade an amorous farewell to Rhonda and hung up.

George just sat on the bed and looked at the bottle of pills in his hand. Ah, sweet, sultry, Sunday in June, he thought, anticipating the morrow when his wife would inevitably go into the secluded backyard for her sun bath — with gentle, gentle Percival to keep her company . . . Let's see: she'll go in the yard and lie down on the beach lounge while I'm still holding onto the dog. Then I'll slip him a pill and push him out there with her . . . Oh, Rhonda darling, it'll be perfect! Happily, he envisioned the headlines: WEALTHY HEIRESS SLAIN BY MAD DOG.

George S. Platt, you diabolical genius!

Reverently, he set the bottle of white pills upon the night-table and arched back to view it with great pride. *George, you wicked, wicked mastermind!*

In narcissistic ecstasy he rolled over on the bed and quickly sailed into dreamland.

Mrs. Platt was shaking him. George jerked his eyes open and instantly realized he had been asleep for quite a while. A snag in the curtains revealed the blackness of night.

"Ooh, my baby-pooh, so-o tired." She handed him his pajamas. "Now you put these on so's you'll be comfy."

Dizzy with sleep he obeyed.

Mrs. Platt left the room for a moment and returned with a glass of water. "Mama is going sleepy-sleep too, dearie, 'cause she did an awful lot of walking and her tootsies just hurt and her head is aching. Ooohhh . . . ."

George got under the covers. *Squeak your damned face off. It's your last night, baby.* He quickly returned to deep, sublime sleep.

Mrs. Platt stripped off her clothes and wrapped her hair in toilet paper. She stretched and yawned — *then took two pills from the aspirin bottle on the night-table and chugged them down her gullet with the cool water!*

She then switched off the lights and wiggled underneath the crisp, clean sheets alongside George. □

"Bill, come here and read something for me."

VICE VERSE

by Edgar Allen Poet

She wasn't what one would call pretty,
And other girls offered her pity:
So nobody guessed
That her Wassermann Test
Involved half the men of the city.

Of his features she didn't think much,
But then, at the very first touch,
Her attitude shifted—
He was terribly gifted
At fiddling and diddling and such.

A young bride was once heard to say,
"Oh dear, I am wearing away!
The insides of my thighs
Look just like mince pies,
For my husband won't shave every day."

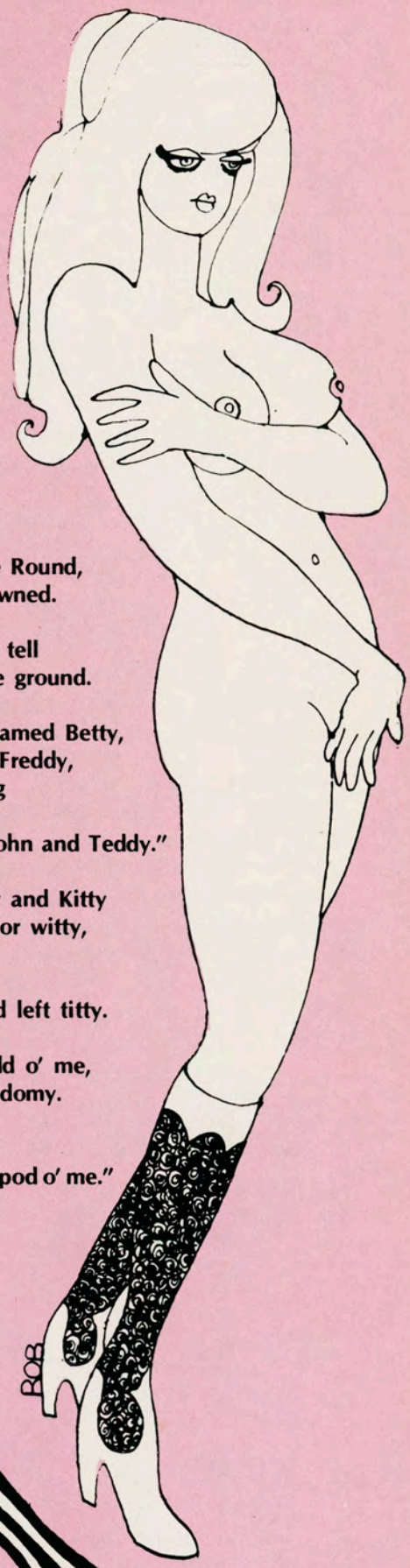
A lady from Spittle-on-Diddle,
On a needle sat—right in the middle
Though deeply imbedded,
She's glad 'twasn't threaded . . .
'Twould've stitched her from slit'le to schit'le.

A lawn-mowing guy, Ronnie Round,
Was most unexpectedly drowned.
He fell in a well,
'Cause the sap couldn't tell
His grass from a hole in the ground.

Cried a hot-panties honey named Betty,
"I like to go out with you, Freddy,
For I see nothing wrong
In taking your dong,
Like I do with James, Jack, John and Teddy."

That couple named Mathew and Kitty
Aren't thought of as clever or witty,
So no one suspects,
That he often injects
His dong twixt her right and left titty.

A Grecian said, "Tho it's odd o' me,
I don't give a bugger for sodomy.
I'd rather flash cash
For a crash in a gash
To thrash the hot wad off the pod o' me."



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THE U.S.A.—A NUDIST CAMP

continued from page 9

"Why, of course, the robber was Loverboy Looie. I'd recognize his prong anywhere."

As for pickpockets—forget it!

"Will total nudity cause an increase in sex crimes?" This question was put to Dr. Ludwig Von Ludwig, eminent psychiatrist famed for his couch-side manner.

"You mean like rape?" he asked. "Like boys raping girls, girls raping boys, gays raping gays, etcetera, etcetera? Well, I'll tell you, it will not increase. In fact it will practically be wiped out. The psychology of the raper is that he sees somebody in a pretty dress and he thinks something pretty is under that dress and he wants to get at it.

"But vait! Ven he sees dot fraulein mitout high heels, mitout a girdle, mit her tits hanging down he'll say, 'Yeech! Better I should buy a plastic doll mit an electronic wagina.,,,

Of course, peeping Toms will be able to peep to their heart's content. But with everybody doing it, will it be so much fun?

Crime in general is bound to decrease, of course, the cops won't be wearing uniforms and how can you tell if the person next to you is a police person? They won't even have badges—where could they pin them?

Most sports will have to be modified or abandoned, assuming the new laws will prohibit jock straps, aluminum cups and other gadgets designed to protect the family jewels. Obviously a baseball pitcher would be tempted to throw at the batter's other bat. Hockey players would forget about the puck and try to bat the balls. And, of course, those gay football players would have a feel day.

No wonder Volley Ball is always the favorite sport in nudist camps.

Machinery will be dangerous. Short or even medium-size penisses fear that total exposure will cause all the chicks to go for the studs with super tools. "Nonsense," says Iva Bareass, who has been operating successful nudist colonies since 1956. "We women choose men for their intelligence, personality, humanity and bank account. It's only the male, chauvinist porno kings who make a big deal of a man's Johnson Bar."

If that turns out not to be so, a chap could always get a transplant from a sauge factory.

No use trying to wear a fig leaf. This will be down in the lawbooks as a Watergate Coverup.

Until the new ordinances go into effect, the best thing for all of us to do is draw the drapes and practice going around naked inside our own homes. And try not to laugh at that silly looking body you see in the mirror.

MOBY THE DICK

continued from page 45

"No!" screams the mayor. "No publicity, goddamn it! No goddamn, sex crazy, overweight, exhibitionist sardine is gonna ruin our tourist season!"

"I beg to differ with you, Mayor," says the chief stoutly. "I'll not stand idly by and watch white, Anglo-Saxon, all-American women screwed to death by a perverted, giant, naked, Communist sardine. We're going to kill this . . . this Moby the Dick or my name isn't Ahab."

The mayor finally and reluctantly agrees to an examination by Kinsey, the gynecologist, and grimly the chief hears his report: there is Great White Sardine semen in the dead woman's vagina.

Immediately, the chief orders a helicopter from the town's arsenal, heretofore used mainly to spirit tourists not spending money out of town, and flying it over the giant wang, which is still periscoping off the beach, he empties his sidearm, then rifle, into the pecker. At once out of the dong comes a fire-hose-like river of steaming yellow, which, hitting the copter, disables it and sends it fluttering back to the beach, where the chief is barely able to land it. "Get me the submarine!" he bawls. "I'm really pissed off."

The sub, heretofore used to sink the boats of tourists who don't spend money, sails out to do battle with Moby, and eventually succeeds in sending a torpedo into the sardine's die. Strong men blanch and sexy women drool as Moby is towed to shore, still at full erection, the mayor bellowing at would-be bathers, "We got him, the oily son-of-a-bitch! Into the water with you now! Enjoy!"

"Wait!" commands Ahab. "We must first have proof that this is the guilty sardine." And he calls back Kinsey over the bellowed protests of the mayor.

Grimly the chief and the mayor hear the results of Kinsey's tests: the sardine they've killed has not ejaculated within seventy-two hours, even prematurely. "I doubt if he has *ever* ejaculated," Kinsey says. "This is a baby Great White Sardine. Notice the width of his erection. With and adult Great White Sardine, the pecker's as wide as it is long. Notice, too, that it has remained, even in death, in one shape. An adult, such as Moby the Dick, can vary the shape. This, my friends, is an infant."

"An infant," gasps a woman reporter, jaws bulging at the sight of the sardine's giant member, still erect. "Oh-yoh-dee-oh-dah," she scribbles.

"Gentlemen," says Ahab grimly, "we have caught only the son of Moby the Dick. Getting Moby is a job for Fifi Queerqueg."

Salty Fifi, queen of the Great White Sardine hunters, sets out in her Sardine Smasher with a female crew of two. After days of searching they finally sight Moby the Dick's dick when it comes alongside and gently prods the Smasher, then backs off and rises out of the water a full thirty-six feet, which also enlivens the plot. The two crewwomen gasp, "Hubba-hubba, gnog-gnog, ludda-ludda, Ho-boy, Dick's up!" as they watch the wang change into the shape of a surfboard. But Fifi, who has seen everything, lassos the dong with one hand as she finishes her beer with the other. "When you've seen one, you've seen them all," she chortles as the boat begins to move, pulled smartly by the lassoed dick.

For days the Sardine Smasher is pulled by Moby the Dick's dick as Fifi drinks her beer and her sardine-starved crew bawl, "Oh-yah-dee-oh-dah!" their jaws working furiously.

One afternoon, though, the boat stops moving not far from the nude beach, and there is a stillness not unlike a painted pecker upon a painted sea.

Then: WHOMP! And before their awed eyes, Moby's monstruous wang, now in the shape of a football, crashed through the bottom of the Sardine Smasher and the impaled boat is raised up atop the dong to a point here it is some thirty feet above the sea.

"Ho-boy!" bawl the crewwomen, tossing off their flimsy bikinis as Fifi, seeing the end of the wang come through the deck, crushes her beer can in quiet determination.

One crewwomen spreads her legs over the pecker, which is now in the shape of the Baja Peninsula, and shrieking, "Hubbah-hubbah-hubbah, ooh-ooh, ohooooooooh, aah-haa, oh-yoh-dee-oh-da, gnog-gnog, ludda-ludda, Ho-boy, the tyranny of the female orgasm!" lowers herself onto it, her jaws working furiously.

Moby the Dick's dick enters her, or begins to. For with a sound like the father of all Niagaras, she is lifted up and away like a rocket, ejaculated into the clouds atop sardine semen. No sooner has she shot away than the second crew-woman gets astride the giant dong. And with second whoosh, she too is rocketed into the heavens above the nude beach.

Then Fifi Queerqueg, muttering, "What the hell, the male orgasm is a myth," straddles the top of the dong and disappears, too, into the heavens, drinking her last beer.

With that, every women on the beach, jaws working furiously, dives into the water and swims madly toward Moby the Dick's dick, which is now in the shape of a dollar mark, all singing in swelling chorus the allegro from Handel's *Messiah* so that the film will get a PG rating.

Is the tourist season ruined? □

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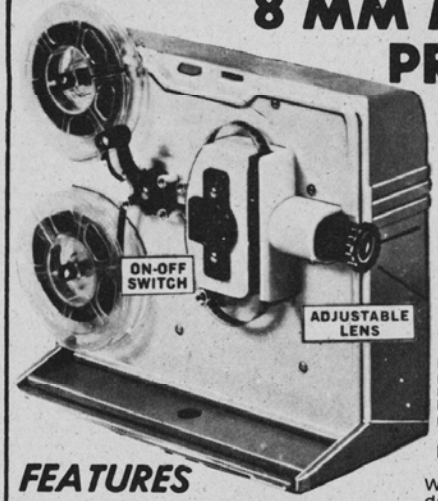

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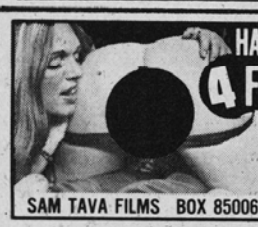

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VALERIE

It was a quiet afternoon, and our entire executive staff (both of them) were goofing off, watching television. In the midst of one particularly exciting commercial, the set conked out to their dismay. We immediately dialed our local TV repair service and requested that they send someone at once.

Fifteen minutes later, the most appealing

and shapely TV repairman (repairperson?) we've ever seen rang our bell. We were speechless as we led her through the office to the publisher's suite, where the ailing TV resided. As she probed the tubes and circuits of our TV, the editors cast knowing glances to each other. It was obvious that this lovely lass with a super chassis must appear in our magazine.

It took Valerie only five minutes to get our set working again. "It was nothing," she announced. "I just had to adjust the polarity of the cadenza—or was it the insularity of carburetor? Well, no difference, it's working

anyway. That'll be eighty bucks. Say, this isn't the office of Gem and the BUF Swinger, is it? Wow! You know, I've always wanted to get into modeling, but never had the right connections. (Oh, yes, she does!) Maybe you guys could give me a couple of pointers." (She's got those, too.)

Needless to say, we quickly convinced

Valerie that an appearance in our prestigious mags would be the start of an exciting new career for her. "I don't want to give up electronics altogether," she said. "I dig repair work. It gives me a real sense of satisfaction."

Just looking at voluptuous Valerie gives us a real sense of satisfaction. We think you'll agree that this delightful electronics whiz is a real winner. Here's a TV repair gal who can really light up our tubes. □

THE GOLD PANTY BRIGADE

continued from page 7

who come here from all over Europe hoping to strike it rich. Their "uniform" is generally a thigh-high mini, shiny boots and gobs of make up. According to police regulations they can stand on corners or in front of bars, but are prohibited from openly soliciting business. Customers can approach them and once a deal has been consummated, they speed away in a taxi. But the prosties are the first to admit that their profession will never make them rich. According to Helga, a shapely blond from Frankfurt, there are just too many girls flocking to the Niederdorf looking for action, and they'll give it away for nothing to the first john who buys them a sausage sandwich or a cheap bottle of wine. "And that's no good for us professionals," she complained.

Helga intends moving on to Madrid within a week or two, because a girlfriend of hers, working as a prostie in that city, told her that business was good and the competition less keen. The police have never objected to the demi-mondes walking the block, so long as they're off the streets by midnight. At that hour, many of them simply disappear into the bierstubes and wine cellars, where they continue to ply their trade among the patrons.

Perhaps the most popular attraction in Zurich is the Cafe Odeon on Bellevueplatz, which opened its doors for business even before World War I. Its founder, Hans Uster, arrived from Austria with the intention of opening a Viennese coffee house, never dreaming that his cafe would become internationally famous as a house of intrigue and romance. It was at one of the brown marble-topped tables in this emporium that in year 1916 Lenin and Trotzky formulated the Russian revolution, and it was there, too, that Benito Mussolini played billiards each afternoon while planning his March on Rome.

On the second floor of the Odeon is a small cabaret where the

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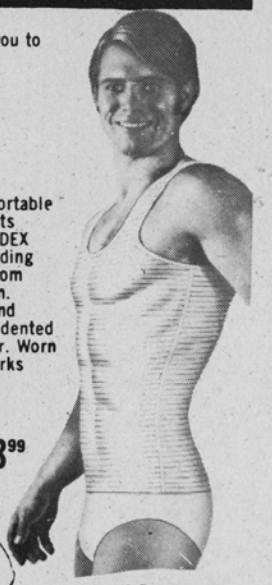

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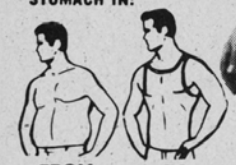

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notorious Mata Hari performed in the nude, captivating the hearts of high-ranking French officers with the seductive movements of her Javanese dances. She never missed an opportunity of entertaining French generals and colonels in her luxurious apartment, seducing them with her wiles, and of course, stealing their military documents which ended up in German hands. Today the Odeon cabaret is as popular as ever, and in Mata Hari's place are dozens of lovely young dancers who still strip to the buff in perhaps one of the brazenest nudie floor shows in all of Europe.

The Odeon is still a meeting place for the international set of young swingers. Girls from every country in the world come here in droves, hoping that some handsome, well-heeled gent will invite them out on the town. It is also the Mecca for struggling young art students and models. Just within the past few weeks, a pretty 17-year-old auburn-haired model stripped off her clothes on a dare, and jumped lightly atop one of the tables so that her Dutch boyfriend, an artist seeking recognition, could sketch her amidst the splendid trappings of a bygone era.

In addition to the Swiss nationals, there are about 10,000 foreign students currently studying at the many colleges and universities scattered throughout the city. Most of them live in large buildings containing 50 to 100 "zimmers," or rooms, with a communal kitchen and bath on each floor, and their weekend orgies are wild and uninhibited. While cocaine-sniffing is commonplace, students from foreign countries often introduce to the group strange drugs and aphrodisiacs from their native lands.

"I've never seen anything quite like it," admitted one exchange student from California. "During the past few months I've smoked banana skins from Ecuador, hashish from Morocco, and tried powdered rhino horn from Rhodesia. But the one that really shook me up was a clear watery liquid that a girl from Saudi Arabia claimed was the world's most powerful aphrodisiac. She called it the "Delight of Allah," and said it could only be purchased in Mecca in a small kiosk just a stone's throw from Mohammed's tomb. Using an eye-dropper, she placed only two drops of the liquid in each glass of beer. I thought it was just a gag, but after 10 minutes we all exploded. This particular party started on a Saturday afternoon, and there were sbout 40 of us there—but none of us came to until late Sunday night. Everything during that interval was hazy," he said, "but all I can remember was that we tore off our clothes and made love continuously. We didn't limit ourselves to just one girl, but took on several at a time. It was fantastic! I've often thought of bringing some of that stuff back to Berkeley—man, they could groove for days on just two drops!"

Zurich is one of the few cities in the world where gold bars can be purchased in any bank in denominations ranging from fifty to ten thousand dollars. As a result, it has become the headquarters of many gold-smuggling syndicates. To supplement their meagre incomes, foreign students, especially young girls looking for kicks and a little extra bread, often spend their weekends and holidays smuggling gold to countries such as Pakistan, India, Hong Kong, Chile and Brazil where it is sol for astronomical prices.

Among the trade, these girls are known as the "Gold Panty Brigade" and carry their gold in a special type of canvas panty, into which several slots have been sewn. Each curvaceous courier receives a thousand-dollar bonus for every trip she takes. Some of these sexy smugglers can earn as much as $20,000 a year and because of their affluence, rent luxurious villas on the outskirts of Zurich. Each tries to out-do the other in throwing far-out parties and some of their sexual shenanigans would have made even the ancient Romans drool with envy.

According to a young art student from Paris who attended a week-end bash thrown by a "Gold Panty" girl from Athens, each of the five men present were allowed to choose a young woman as their partner in a "Honey Pot Derby." After the girls removed their clothing they covered their bodies with a thick layer of honey. The winner of this unusual love-game was the fastest honey-licker.

For some strange reason, Zurich has always attracted homosexuals from all over Europe and they number in the thousands. Many are wealthy and maintain sumptuous apartments in the old part of the city where they lavishly entertain their boyfriends. At night they usually gather at the Club Terrasse, just opposite the Cafe Odeon, to watch the floorshow which generally features, among its other acts, well-known transvestites.

Just two blocks from the Terrasse on Schifflandestrasse is perhaps one of the most unique men's shop in all of Europe. Catering principally to homosexuals as well as the "liberated" sex, it offers a great variety of way-out fashions, including purple velvet suits for men, psychodelic shirts with frilly lace cuffs, silhouette see-thru nighties for the twilight set and most unusual of all, open-crotch lace-trimmed shorts for the gay male and pornographic belt buckles. Tom Eiseman, a native of Germany, opened the boutique about five years ago, and in that period of time "Tom's Shop" has done exceedingly well and he has built up a world-wide mail order business among his off-beat clientele.

With the first snow fall which usually occurs early in November, Zurich becomes the focal point of untold thousands of young swingers hell-bent for action in the nearby ski resorts, but if you think they come to Switzerland just to swoosh down the icy slopes, you're wrong. Many of these snow bunnies never even venture out on the slopes. It's much more romantic to lie about in a Swiss chalet in front of a rustic fireplace, eating cheese fondue and drinking irsche with one of the many boudoir casanovas who make their annual trek to this part of the world.

"Listen," said Charlie, a 26-year-old bank teller from Chicago. "Summer vacations are for the birds. There's nothing like waiting until winter when you can take a chartered ski flight, which includes round-trip transportation, hotel accommodations, and three weeks at a posh Alpine resort for less than $500. And the chicks are for free! And when I say chicks, I mean sexy British babes with an urge to merge, big-bosomed frauleins from Germany, or if you prefer, spicy Italian dishes—you name it—they're all there just waiting for you!"

Recently, a prominent Swiss newspaper described the ski resorts as "hot beds of rampant immorality" intimating that "she-ing"

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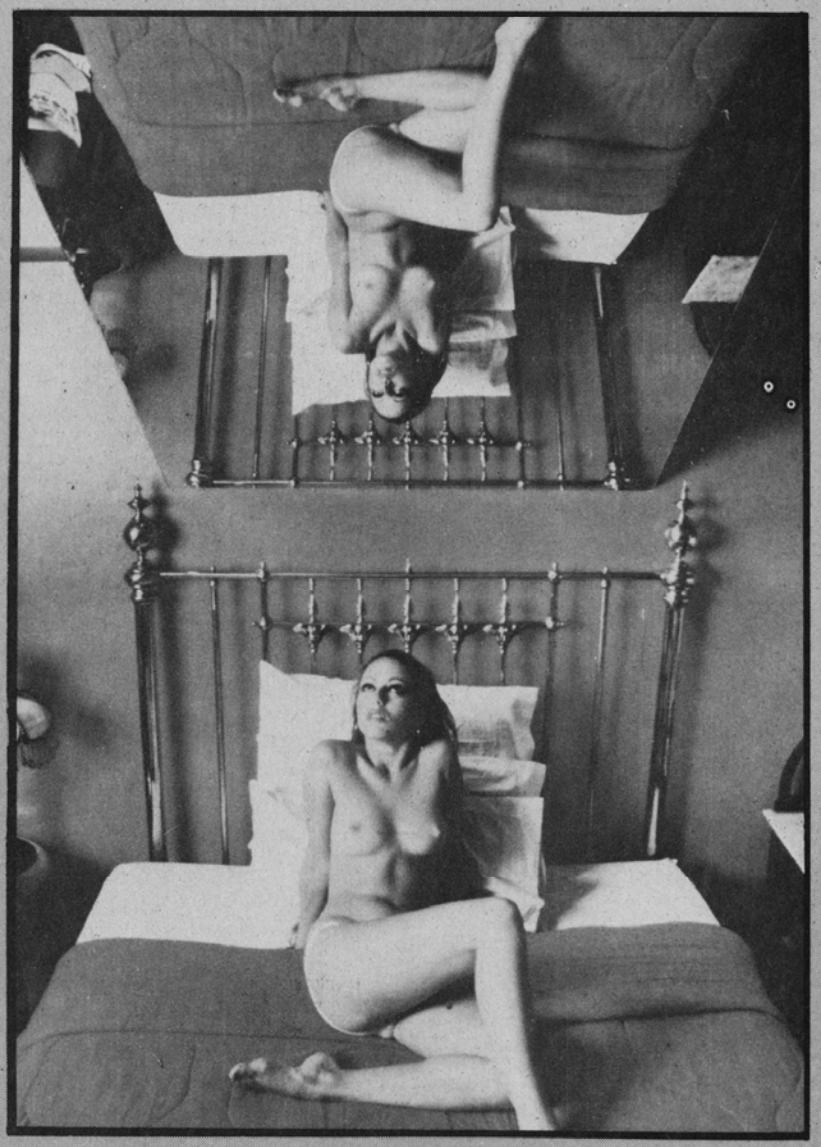

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is a more popular sport than skiing, and that wealthy women come to the slopes fully intent upon seducing their instructors, spending most of their time indulging in licentious liberties and orgies which they never would have been permitted to do in their own hometowns. All of this is true, but the ski resorts of Switzerland have, for over a hundred years, been regarded as a sexual playground for the uninhibited, and the Swiss government isn't about to change the rules. After all, tourism is one of the country's major sources of income.

Any handsome virile young man who happens to be an excellent skier, as well as a good conversationalist and an adept lover, can reap a windfall by becoming a ski instructor at the more exclusive spas like St. Moritz, Gstaad or Klosters. During the season, prices at the better hotels, such as the PALACE in St. Moritz, start at about $200 a day, so it is quite evident that they cater to a wealthy clientele.

"I've been a ski instructor for the past four years," said Klaus Brinker, a handsome six-foot blue-eyed Austrian, "and not a day passes but that I do not receive at least a dozen invitations from rich and beautiful women I meet on the slopes to join them in *apres*-ski activities. Oftentimes, that includes a sleigh ride in the country, or perhaps a night out drinking beer and eating bratwursts in the *rathskillers*. Then, about twice a week I switch to white tie and tails—it depends on the occasion. We ski-instructors have to be prepared for any eventuality. Of course," he went on to explain, "these are just preliminaries. Inevitably, I wind up in some luxurious chalet, sipping champagne, eating caviar, and making love like mad on a bear skin rug in front of a blazing fireplace. Now, I'm not a gigolo in any sense of the word," he confessed, "but you'd be surprised at the gifts these kind-hearted women, both young and old, shower upon me. Last season, a British girl whose father was a Member of Parliament, gave me her Rolls Royce when she returned to London. A rich American dowager from Boston in her early fifties insisted on opening a bank account for me in Zurich, assuring me the large sum was tax deductible. A beautiful Italian countess, whose name is well-known in Rome's social circles, gave me a round-the-world ticket on Alitalia. Well, that's the way it goes. I've never asked for anything beyond my regular fee for skiing lessons. The rest are all gratuities and I accept them gratefully."

Contrary to common opinion, prices in Switzerland's major cities, including Geneva, Lucerne and Zurich, are quite reasonable. For those operating on small budgets and who are interested in winter sports, there are ski resorts such as Davos, Grindelwald and Zermatt, where rooms with kitchen privileges in quaint Swiss chalets can be had for as little as $2 or $3 a day. And you don't have to be a jet-setter in order to have fun, as thousand of beautiful girls, secretaries, clerks, models and shop girls pour into Switzerland each year looking for fun and excitement.

And here's the best news of all. During the winter months many of the major airlines run all—inclusive charter ski flights to Switzerland for prices beginning at $300 and up, depending upon the length of stay. Or, if you're not interested in following the crowd, I recommend flying to Europe via Nassau on International Air Bahama, or via New York on Icelandic. There are no time restrictions—you can stay for a month or a year, and round-trip fare is only $350.

So forget all the old European hot spots and start saving now for the sexiest, swingingest holiday you've ever had—in Switzerland. Winter, summer, spring or fall, it makes no difference, you're going to have a ball. If you're looking for bunnies, in bikinis or on skis, man, you'll find them by the thousands, and should you be lucky enough to participate in one of those "Honey Pot Derbies," you've really got it made! ☐

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Whoa. Stop right there. I know . . . I've heard everything there is to say about the ponies. "You can't beat the horses." "A fool and his money are soon parted." "Gamble with fate, and you pay the price." "I had an uncle who lost everything . . ."

I don't argue with anybody. If a person is bent on self-destruction, he's simply going to find a way. Booze. Women. Debts. Gambling. Maybe even drugs. Nothing you can do or say is going to change the outcome, and the method that the troubled person takes to beat himself is not the issue.

Over the years horse racing has come in for a big share of the knocks. Everybody knows somebody who has gambled away a living, maybe a fortune, on the sport of kings. Recently I talked to a very solid citizen who told me, "If racing's the sport of kings, *I* never saw any kings out there!"

Again, I don't argue the point. Because I know what I know. I know that a prudent person who has a few dollars to spend can make a very handsome living at the track — with my secret, strictly — and I'll argue *that* point with anybody!

My secret is simple. So simple, in fact, that I am sure some of the so-called racing "experts" will sneer at my method *without* even investigating it. After all, that's human nature. But really, I don't feel bad . . . *why should I?* I have what they don't have . . . what no one has. The *secret* to a machine that virtually *prints money!*

I call my secret "The System of the Century." If you've never played the horses before (in fact, if you've never even been to a race track!), you'll be astounded at the simplicity of this logical, common-sense way to pick winners that return $10, $20, and even $50 bills for a mere $2 wager.

The system consists of four simple rules . . . four rules you can read and memorize in just *one hour* at home. One of these rules — Rule No. 4 — is so elementary that you can go to any race track with an infield turf (grass) course and start writing your own checks tomorrow *as though you'd been a track pro for twenty years!*

Of course, if you're a regular horseplayer, "The System of the Century" will have even greater appeal. How many times have you spent *hours* pouring over a single race, doping out every detail, figuring every angle . . . only to find that the horse you picked to begin with — and decided against for some reason even *you* can't remember — romped home an easy winner? (And paid a whopping $60!) Or how about the time your brother-in-law talked you off that horse you knew would win — and did!

But I'm not here to change anybody's mind or re-open old wounds. What I'm here to do is to tell you about a method, a *technique* that is so *ridiculously easy to understand* . . . a system that will put so much money in your pocket . . . you'll wonder where it's been all these years.

Where *has* "The System of the Century" been all this time? The answer: In my head. I've been in racing all my life, and in that time I've had good years and lean years. Over the years I have become progressively better at what I do: *win money at the races.* (Last year it made over $500,000 for me — yes, over a half-a-million bucks — and I'm only 33 years old!)

One night, when I was bored watching TV, I sat and wrote down on a piece of paper the things that I consider to be *critically important* during the running of a horse race. Would you believe it? I came up with only *four* things — and all so simple a twelve-year-old can master them in under sixty minutes!

That's how "The System of the Century" was born. And I decided right then and there to make the system available to anyone with a "will to win" — with an *honest interest* in getting ahead.

All you need is a grubstake — as little as $20 — and a little patience. "The System of the Century" does the rest. Just follow these four little rules (strictly!) and start cashing those big parimutuel tickets most folks just dream about.

Why, just the other day a fellow approached me at Belmont and asked me what I liked. I normally don't hand out advice at the track, but this player looked as though he needed a break.

So I told him I like a horse named Black Springs, an eleven-to-one shot. The guy pondered that for a moment, then said, "No way. I give the favorite, Counter Gambit, a big edge . . . I guess I'll go bet it. Thanks anyway."

To make a long story short, Black Springs is six lengths in front at the head of the stretch and wins easily, with Counter Gambit running second at less-than-even money. Black Springs pays $24.40 straight, and my player friend comes running up to tell me he'll never doubt me again. He hasn't, either. Armed with "The System of the Century," he'll never need advice or money again.

I recognize that the world is full of skeptics, so I make this proposition to you. Send me $9.95 as payment in full for the "System of the Century." Use this method at your local race track for fifteen days, making sure to follow my rules as outlined therein. Bet all you want — and keep what you take in with my blessings!

And here's the best part. If my method fails to work for you in exactly the manner I've described, *you have risked nothing* . . . because I'll send your original check back to you — uncashed! (Just date your check one month ahead. That way nobody can touch your ten bucks while you prove to yourself that "The System of the Century" is everything I say it is.)

Could anything be fairer?

You owe it to yourself to find out about "the machine that prints money." I'm Mike Warren . . . I'm well-known in racing circles . . . *and I say it's so.*

Act now. Today. *Can you afford to guess that I'm wrong?*

Sworn statement...

This is to certify that all statements made in this ad are true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief. MIKE WARREN is a professional handicapper of Thoroughbred horses, and his gross income for the last twelve months was in excess of $500,000.00.

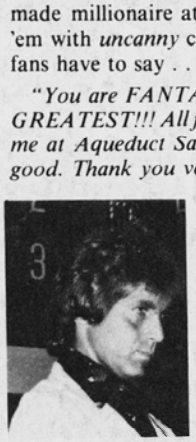
A. Belous

WHO IS MIKE WARREN?

America's premier handicapper. Mike Warren is well on his way to becoming a self-made millionaire at 33 . . . because he picks 'em with *uncanny* consistency. Read what his fans have to say . . .

"You are FANTASTIC!!! Absolutely THE GREATEST!!! All four of the horses you gave me at Aqueduct Saturday won and paid real good. Thank you very much . . ."

N.P., Los Angeles, Calif.



"I must tell you . . . it's just fantastic. Both horses (clicked). The first paid $35.40 . . . the second $10.20 — made a nice bundle."

E.A.S., Chicago, Illinois

CLIP & MAIL TODAY

FREE EXAMINATION OFFER

G1

Mike Warren
The Baltimore Bulletin, Inc.
Professional Building
Baltimore, Maryland 21208

Dear Mike:

O.K., I'll try anything once. Please send me "The System of the Century" by return mail. I understand that if your method doesn't make big money for me as you have outlined, all I have to do is return it within a month and my uncashed check will be returned to me.

On that basis, here is my check for $9.95 *dated one month from now.* (If you're enclosing a money order that can't be dated ahead, you have the same money-back guarantee.)

☐ For immediate first class shipment, add 50¢. (in coins or stamps, please).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please make check payable to "The Baltimore Bulletin"